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*THE*  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
LORD BYRON.

VOL. VIII.



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# HEAVEN AND EARTH ;

## A MYSTERY,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

"And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair ; and they took them wives of all which they chose."

---

"And woman walling for her demon lover."—COLERIDGE.

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VOL. VIII.

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(1)







## INTRODUCTION

### TO HEAVEN AND EARTH.

---

“HEAVEN and Earth” was written at Ravenna, in October, 1821. In forwarding it to Mr. Murray, in the following month, Lord Byron says:—“Enclosed is a lyrical drama, entitled ‘A Mystery.’ You will find it pious enough, I trust—at least some of the chorus might have been written by Sternhold and Hopkins themselves for that, and perhaps for melody. As it is longer, and more lyrical and Greek, than I intended at first, I have not divided it into acts, but called what I have sent *Part First*; as there is a suspension of the action which may either close there without impropriety, or be continued in a way that I have in view. I wish the first part to be published before the second; because, if it don’t succeed, it is better to stop there, than to go on in a fruitless experiment.”

Though without delay revised by Mr. Gifford, and printed, this “First Part” was not published till 1822, when it appeared in the second number of the “Liberal.” The “Mystery” was never completed.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

*Angels.*—SAMIASA.

AZAZIEL.

RAPHAEL the Archangel.

*Men.*—NOAH and his Sons.

IRAD.

JAPHET.

*Women.*—ANAH.

AHOLIBAMAH.

---

*Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.—Chorus of Mortals.*

# HEAVEN AND EARTH.

---

## PART I.

### SCENE I.\*

*A woody and mountainous district near Mount  
Ararat. — Time, midnight.*

*Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*

*Anah.* OUR father sleeps: it is the hour when they  
Who love us are accustomed to descend  
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat:—  
How my heart beats!

\* [The great power of this "Mystery" is in its fearless and daring simplicity. Lord Byron faces at once all the grandeur of his sublime subject. He seeks for nothing, but it rises before him in its death-doomed magnificence. Man, or angel, or demon, the being who mourns, or laments, or exults, is driven to speak by his own soul. The angels deign not to use many words, even to their beautiful paramours; and they scorn Noah and his sententious sons. The first scene is a woody and mountainous district, near Mount Ararat; and the time midnight. Mortal creatures, conscious of their own wickedness, have heard awful



*Aho.* Let us proceed upon  
Our invocation.

*Anah.* But the stars are hidden.  
I tremble.

*Aho.* So do I, but not with fear  
Of aught save their delay.

*Anah.* My sister, though  
I love Azaziel more than — oh, too much!  
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.

*Aho.* And where is the impiety of loving  
Celestial natures?

*Anah.* But, Aholibamah,  
I love our God less since his angel loved me:  
This cannot be of good; and though I know not  
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears  
Which are not ominous of right.

*Aho.* Then wed thee  
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!  
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long:  
Marry, and bring forth dust!

*Anah.* I should have loved  
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet

predictions of the threatened flood, and all their lives are darkened with terror. But the sons of God have been dwellers on earth, and women's hearts have been stirred by the beauty of these celestial visitants. Anah and Aholibamah, two of these angel-stricken maidens, come wandering along while others sleep, to pour forth their invocations to their demon lovers. They are of very different characters: Anah, soft, gentle, and submissive; Aholibamah, proud, impetuous, and aspiring — the one loving in fear, and the other in ambition. — WILSON.]

I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.  
And when I think that his immortal wings  
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre  
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,  
As he adores the Highest, death becomes  
Less terrible; but yet I pity him:  
His grief will be of ages, or at least  
Mine would be such for him, were I the seraph,  
And he the perishable.

*Aho.* Rather say,  
That he will single forth some other daughter  
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved *Anah*.

*Anah.* And if it should be so, and she loved him,  
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

*Aho.* If I thought thus of *Samiasa's* love,  
All seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.  
But to our invocation! — 'Tis the hour.

*Anah.* Seraph!

From thy sphere!  
Whatever star contain thy glory;  
In the eternal depths of heaven  
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"\*  
Though through space infinite and hoary  
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,  
Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!  
And though she nothing is to thee,  
Yet think that thou art all to her.

\*The archangels, said to be seven in number, and to occupy the eighth rank in the celestial hierarchy.

Thou canst not tell, — and never be  
Such pangs decreed to aught save me, —  
The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years,  
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;  
With me thou canst not sympathize,  
Except in love, and there thou must  
Acknowledge that more loving dust  
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.  
Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st  
The face of him who made thee great,  
As he hath made me of the least  
Of those cast out from Eden's gate:  
Yet, Seraph dear!  
Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die  
Until I know what I must die in knowing,  
That thou forget'st in thine eternity  
Her whose heart death could not keep from  
o'erflowing

For thee, immortal essence as thou art!  
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;  
And such, I feel, are waging in my heart  
A war unworthy: to an Adamite  
Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts  
appear,

For sorrow is our element;  
Delight  
An Eden kept afar from sight,  
Though sometimes with our visions blent.

The hour is near  
Which tells me we are not abandoned quite—  
Appear! Appear!  
Seraph!  
My own Azazel! be but here,  
And leave the stars to their own light.  
*Aho.* Samiasa!  
Wheresoe'er  
Thou rulest in the upper air —  
Or warring with the spirits who may dare  
Dispute with Him  
Who made all empires, empire; or recalling  
Some wandering star, which shoots through the  
abyss, falling,  
Whose tenants dying, while their world is  
Share the dim destiny of clay in this;  
Or joining with the inferior cherubim,  
Thou deignest to partake their hymn —  
Samiasa!  
I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.  
Many may worship thee, that will I not:  
If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,  
Descend and share my lot!  
Though I be formed of clay,  
And thou of beams  
More bright than those of day  
On Eden's streams,  
Thine immortality can not repay  
With love more warm than mine  
My love. There is a ray

In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,  
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.  
It may be hidden long : death and decay  
Our mother Eve bequeathed us — but my heart  
Defies it : though this life must pass away  
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part ?  
Thou art immortal — so am I : I feel —  
I feel my immortality o'ersweep  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into my ears this truth — “Thou liv'st for ever !”  
But if it be in joy  
I know not, nor would know ;  
That secret rests with the Almighty giver  
Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss and woe.  
But thee and me he never can destroy ;  
Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm ; we are  
Of as eternal essence, and must war  
With him if he will war with us : with *thee*  
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow ;  
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,  
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity ?  
No ! though the serpent's sting should pierce  
me through,  
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil  
Around me still ! and I will smile,  
And curse thee not ; but hold  
Thee in as warm a fold  
As — but descend ; and prove  
A mortal's love

For an immortal. If the skies contain  
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain! \*

*Anah.* Sister! sister! I view them winging  
Their bright way through the parted night.

*Aho.* The clouds from off their pinions flinging,  
As though they bore to-morrow's light.

*Anah.* But if our father see the sight!

*Aho.* He would but deem it was the moon  
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune  
An hour too soon.

*Anah.* They come! *he* comes! — Azazel!

*Aho.* Haste

To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear  
My spirit, while they hover there,  
To Samiasa's breast!

*Anah.* Lo! they have kindled all the west,  
Like a returning sunset; — lo!

On Ararat's late secret crest  
A mild and many-colored bow,  
The remnant of their flashing path,  
Now shines! and now, behold! it hath  
Returned to night, as rippling foam,

Which the leviathan hath lashed  
From his unfathomable home,  
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,

\* [This invocation is extremely beautiful: its chief beauty lies in the continuous and meandering flow of its impassioned versification. At its close, — and it might well win down to earth erring angels from heaven, — the maidens disappear in the midnight darkness, hoping the presence of their celestial lovers. — WILSON.]

Subsides soon after he again hath dashed  
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.\*

*Aho.* They have touched earth! Samiasa!

*Anah.* My Azazel!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.†

*Enter IRAD and JAPHET.*

*Irak.* Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander  
thus

To add thy silence to the silent night,  
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?  
They cannot aid thee.

*Japh.* But they soothe me — now  
Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.  
Methinks a being that is beautiful  
Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,  
The eternal beauty of undying things.  
Oh, Anah!

*Irak.* But she loves thee not.

*Japh.* Alas!

*Irak.* And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

\* [Lord Byron here takes a wide career, and is sometimes obscure and confused; but the flashes of fire continually break through, and illumine the clouds of smoke and vapor. The extravagance is dictated by passion. His muse, even in her riddles and digressions, has a sybil-like, prophetic fury. — JEFFREY.]

† [In the second scene, Japhet, Noah's son, and Irak — the earthly and despised lovers of the two maidens — appear. Their talk is somewhat dull; which, we presume, is natural in such circumstances. — WILSON.]

*Japh.* I feel for thee too.

*Irad.* Let her keep her pride,  
Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn :  
It may be, time too will avenge it.

*Japh.* Canst thou  
Find joy in such a thought?

*Irad.* Nor joy nor sorrow.  
I loved her well ; I would have loved her better,  
Had love been met with love : as 't is, I leave her  
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

*Japh.* What destinies?

*Irad.* I have some cause to think  
She loves another.

*Japh.* Anah !

*Irad.* No ; her sister.

*Japh.* What other?

*Irad.* That I know not ; but her air,  
If not her words, tells me she loves another.

*Japh.* Ay, but not Anah : she but loves her God.

*Irad.* Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,  
What can it profit thee ? \*

*Japh.* True, nothing ; but  
I love.

*Irad.* And so did I.

\* [This is one of those bitter, taunting sarcasms that escape from Lord Byron's pen, in spite of himself. Japhet is afterwards introduced alone in a mountainous cave ; and his soliloquy, bemoaning his own fate, and the approaching destruction of mankind, is interrupted by a laugh of demons, rejoicing over the event. This scene is terrific. — JEFFREY.]



*Japh.* And now thou lov'st not,  
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

*Irads.* Yes.

*Japh.* I pity thee.

*Irads.* Me! why?

*Japh.* For being happy  
Deprived of that which makes my misery.

*Irads.* I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,  
And would not feel as thou dost for more shekels  
Than all our father's herds would bring if weighed  
Against the metal of the sons of Cain —  
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,  
As if such useless and discolored trash,  
The refuse of the earth, could be received  
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all  
Our flocks and wilderness afford. — Go, Japhet,  
Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the moon —  
I must back to my rest.

*Japh.* And so would I  
If I could rest.

*Irads.* Thou wilt not to our tents then?

*Japh.* No, Irads; I will to the cavern, whose  
Mouth they say opens from the internal world  
To let the inner spirits of the earth  
Forth when they walk its surface.

*Irads.* Wherefore so?  
What wouldst thou there?

*Japh.* Soothe further my sad spirit  
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,  
And I am hopeless.

*Irak.* But 'tis dangerous ;  
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with  
terrors.

I must go with thee.

*Japh.* Irak, no ; believe me  
I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

*Irak.* But evil things will be thy foe the more  
As not being of them : turn thy steps aside,  
Or let mine be with thine.

*Japh.* No, neither, Irak ;  
I must proceed alone.

*Irak.* Then peace be with thee !

[*Exit IRAD.*]

*Japh. (solus).* Peace ! I have sought it where it  
should be found,

In love — with love, too, which perhaps deserved it ;  
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart —  
A weakness of the spirit — listless days,  
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep —  
Have come upon me. Peace ! what peace ? the calm  
Of desolation, and the stillness of  
The untrodden forest, only broken by  
The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs ;  
Such is the sullen or the fitful state  
Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,  
And many signs and portents have proclaimed  
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom,  
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah !  
When the dread hour denounced shall open wide  
The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou

Have lain within this bosom, folded from  
The elements ; this bosom, which in vain  
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,  
While thine —— Oh, God ! at least remit to her  
Thy wrath ! for she is pure amidst the failing  
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,  
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah !  
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not ;  
And still would I redeem thee — see thee live  
When ocean is earth's grave, and, unopposed  
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,  
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,  
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[*Exit* JAPHET.

*Enter* NOAH and SHEM.

*Noah.* Where is thy brother Japhet ?

*Shem.* He went forth,

According to his wont, to meet with Irad,  
He said ; but, as I fear, to bend his steps  
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly,  
Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest ;  
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern  
Which opens to the heart of Ararat.

*Noah.* What doth he there ? It is an evil spot  
Upon an earth all evil ; for things worse  
Than even wicked men resort there : he  
Still loves this daughter of a fated race,  
Although he could not wed her if she loved him,  
And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts

Of men ! that one of my blood, knowing well  
 The destiny and evil of these days,  
 And that the hour approacheth, should indulge  
 In such forbidden yearnings ! Lead the way —  
 He must be sought for !

*Shem.* Go not forward, father :  
 I will seek Japhet.

*Noah.* Do not fear for me :  
 All evil things are powerless on the man  
 Selected by Jehovah. — Let us on.

*Shem.* To the tents of the father of the sisters ?

*Noah.* No ; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[*Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.*]

## SCENE III.

*The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.*

*Japh. (solus).* Ye wilds, that look eternal ; and  
 thou cave,  
 Which seem'st unfathomable ; and ye mountains,  
 So varied and so terrible in beauty ;  
 Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks  
 And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone  
 In perpendicular places, where the foot  
 Of man would tremble, could he reach them — yes,  
 Ye look eternal ! Yet, in a few days,  
 Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled  
 Before the mass of waters ; and yon cave,  
 Which seems to lead into a lower world,  
 Shall have its depths searched by the sweeping wave,

And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!  
And man —— Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who  
Shall weep above your universal grave,  
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,  
Alas! what am I better than ye are,  
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be  
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah  
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,  
Scarce less beloved, where I despaired for her?  
And can it be! — Shall yon exulting peak,  
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,  
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?  
No more to have the morning sun break forth,  
And scatter back the mists in floating folds  
From its tremendous brow? no more to have  
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,  
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?  
No more to be the beacon of the world,  
For angels to alight on, as the spot  
Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"  
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,  
And the predestined creeping things reserved  
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May  
*He* preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power  
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from  
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,  
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolonged,  
To hiss and sting through some emerging world,  
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze  
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until

The salt morass subside into a sphere  
 Beneath the sun, and be the monument,  
 The sole and undistinguished sepulchre,  
 Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much  
 Breath will be stilled at once! All beauteous world  
 So young, so marked out for destruction, I  
 With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,  
 And night by night, thy numbered days and nights:  
 I cannot save thee, cannot save even her  
 Whose love had made me love thee more; but as  
 A portion of thy dust, I cannot think  
 Upon thy coming doom without a feeling  
 Such as — Oh God! and canst thou— [*He pauses.\**]

*A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts  
 of laughter — afterwards a Spirit passes.*

*Japh.* In the name  
 Of the Most High, what art thou?

*Spirit (laughs).* Ha! ha! ha!

*Japh.* By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

*Spirit (laughs).* Ha! ha!

*Japh.* By the approaching deluge! by the earth  
 Which will be strangled by the ocean! by  
 The deep which will lay open all her fountains!  
 The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,

\* [This soliloquy has the fault of being too long and wire-drawn. At its close, spirits rush from the cavern, and exult in the approaching calamity of the world: a dialogue ensues between Japhet and one of them, and a chorus is sung by a body of them, part of which is truly noble. — CAMPBELL.]

And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes !  
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,  
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me !  
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh ?

*Spirit.* Why weep'st thou ?

*Japh.* For earth and all her children.

*Spirit.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Spirit vanishes.*]

*Japh.* How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,  
The coming desolation of an orb,  
On which the sun shall rise and warm no life !  
How the earth sleeps ! and all that in it is  
Sleep too upon the very eve of death !  
Why should they wake to meet it ? What is here,  
Which look like death in life, and speak like  
things

Born ere this dying world ? They come like clouds !

[ *Various Spirits pass from the cavern.* ]

*Spirit.* Rejoice !

The abhorred race  
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,  
But listened to the voice  
Of knowledge without power,  
Are nigh the hour  
Of death !

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,  
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping  
motion,

Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow !  
Earth shall be ocean !

And no breath,

Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave !  
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot :  
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave  
    Shall lift its point to save,  
Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,  
    After long looking o'er the ocean wide  
    For the expected ebb which cometh not :  
    All shall be void,  
    Destroyed !  
Another element shall be the lord  
    Of life, and the abhorred  
Children of dust be quenched ; and of each hue  
Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue ;  
    And of the variegated mountain  
    Shall nought remain  
    Unchanged, or of the level plain ;  
    Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain :  
All merged within the universal fountain,  
    Man, earth, and fire, shall die,  
    And sea and sky  
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.  
    Upon the foam  
    Who shall erect a home ?  
*Japh. (coming forward).* My sire !  
    Earth's seed shall not expire ;  
    Only the evil shall be put away  
    From day.  
    Avaunt ! ye exulting demons of the waste !  
    Who howl your hideous joy  
When God destroys whom you dare not destroy ;  
    Hence ! haste !



Back to your inner caves!  
Until the waves  
Shall search you in your secret place,  
And drive your sullen race  
Forth, to be rolled upon the tossing winds  
In restless wretchedness along all space!  
*Spirit.* Son of the saved!  
When thou and thine have braved  
The wide and warring element;  
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,  
Shall thou and thine be good or happy? — No!  
Thy new world and new race shall be of woe —  
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years  
Less than the glorious giants, who  
Yet walk the world in pride,  
The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.  
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.  
And art thou not ashamed  
Thus to survive,  
And eat, and drink, and wive?  
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,  
As even to hear this wide destruction named,  
Without such grief and courage, as should rather  
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,  
Than seek a shelter with thy favored father,  
And build thy city o'er the drowned earth's grave?  
Who would outlive their kind,  
Except the base and blind?  
Mine  
Hateth thine

---

As of a different order in the sphere,  
But not our own.  
There is not one who hath not left a throne  
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,  
Rather than see his mates endure alone.  
Go, wretch ! and give  
A life like thine to other wretches — live !  
And when the annihilating waters roar  
Above what they have done,  
Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,  
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one !  
Thyself for being his son !

*Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.*

Rejoice !  
No more the human voice  
Shall vex our joys in middle air  
With prayer ;  
No more  
Shall they adore ;  
And we, who ne'er for ages have adored  
The prayer-exacting Lord,  
To whom the omission of a sacrifice  
Is vice ;  
We, we shall view the deep's salt sources poured  
Until one element shall do the work  
Of all in chaos ; until they,  
The creatures proud of their poor clay,  
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk

In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where  
The deep shall follow to their latest lair ;

Where even the brutes, in their despair,  
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,  
And the striped tiger shall lie down to die  
Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother ;

Till all things shall be as they were,  
Silent and uncreated, save the sky :

While a brief truce  
Is made with Death, who shall forbear  
The little remnant of the past creation,  
To generate new nations for his use ;  
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation  
Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,  
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil  
Into a world, shall give again to Time  
New beings — years — diseases — sorrow — crime —  
With all companionship of hate and toil,  
Until ——

*Japh. (interrupting them).* The eternal will  
Shall deign to expound this dream  
Of good and evil ; and redeem  
Unto himself all times, all things ;  
And, gathered under his almighty wings,  
Abolish hell !

And to the expiated Earth  
Restore the beauty of her birth,  
Her Eden in an endless paradise,  
Where man no more can fall as once he fell,  
And even the very demons shall do well !

*Spirits.* And when shall take effect this wondrous  
spell?

*Japh.* When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,  
And then in glory.

*Spirit.* Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,  
Till earth wax hoary;  
War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,  
Until the clouds look gory  
With the blood reeking from each battle plain;  
New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but  
still,  
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,  
Shall be amongst your race in different forms;  
But the same moral storms  
Shall oversweep the future, as the waves  
In a few hours the glorious giants' graves.\*

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Brethren, rejoice!

Mortal, farewell!

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice  
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;  
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings;  
The clouds have nearly filled their springs;  
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,  
And heaven set wide her windows; † while man-  
kind

\* "And there were giants in the earth in those days, and after;  
mighty men, which were of old, men of renown." — *Genesis*.

† "The same day were all the fountains of the great deep  
broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." — *Ibid*.

View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token —  
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.  
We hear the sound they cannot hear,  
The mustering thunders of the threatening  
sphere;  
Yet a few hours their coming is delayed —  
Their flashing banners, folded still on high,  
Yet undisplayed,  
Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.  
How! how! oh Earth!  
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:  
Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below  
The ocean's overflow!  
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells,  
The little shells, of ocean's least things be  
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells —  
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!  
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,  
Unanswered, save by the encroaching swell; —  
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,  
The wings which could not save: —  
Where could he rest them, while the whole space  
brings  
Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave?  
Brethren, rejoice!  
And loudly lift each superhuman voice —  
All die,  
Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed —  
The seed of Seth,  
Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.

But of the sons of Cain  
None shall remain ;  
And all his goodly daughters  
Must lie beneath the desolating waters —  
Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid  
Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,  
Which would not spare  
Beings even in death so fair.  
It is decreed,  
All die !

And to the universal human cry  
The universal silence shall succeed !

Fly, brethren, fly !

But still rejoice !

We fell !

They fall !

So perish all

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell !

[ *The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*

*Japh. (solus).* God hath proclaimed the destiny of  
earth ;

My father's ark of safety hath announced it ;

The very demons shriek it from their caves ;

The scroll \* of Enoch prophesied it long

In silent books, which, in their silence, say

More to the mind than thunder to the ear :

And yet men listened not, nor listen ; but

Walk darkling to their doom ; which, though so nigh,

\* The book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.

Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,  
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty  
purpose,

Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.  
No sign yet hangs its banner in the air ;  
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture ;  
The sun will rise upon the earth's last day  
As on the fourth day of creation, when  
God said unto him, " Shine ! " and he broke forth  
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet  
Unformed forefather of mankind — but roused  
Before the human orison the earlier  
Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,  
Which in the open firmament of heaven  
Have wings like angels, and like them salute  
Heaven first each day before the Adamites :  
Their matins now draw nigh — the east is kindling —  
And they will sing ! and day will break ! Both near,  
So near the awful close ! For these must drop  
Their outworn pinions on the deep ; and day,  
After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—  
Ay, day will rise ; but upon what ? — a chaos,  
Which was ere day ; and which, renewed, makes  
time

Nothing ! for, without life, what are the hours ?  
No more to dust than is eternity  
Unto Jehovah, who created both.  
Without him, even eternity would be  
A void : without man, time, as made for man,  
Dies with man, and is swallowed in that deep

Which has no fountain ; as his race will be  
 Devoured by that which drowns his infant world.—  
 What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?  
 No — *all* of heaven, they are so beautiful.  
 I cannot trace their features ; but their forms,  
 How lovelily they move along the side  
 Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist !  
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose  
 Infernal immortality poured forth  
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be  
 Welcome as Eden. It may be they come  
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,  
 For which I have so often prayed — They come !  
 Anah ! oh, God ! and with her \* —

*Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMAH.*

*Anah.*

Japhet !

*Sam.*

Lo !

A son of Adam !

*Aza.*

What doth the earth-born here,  
 While all his race are slumbering ?

\* [The spirits disappear soaring upwards, and Japhet has again recourse to a very fine soliloquy. He is now joined by Anah and Aholibamah, who are accompanied by the two angels, Samiasa and Azazel. The angels seem somewhat sulky, and are extremely laconic; they look like Quakers yet unmoved by the spirit—dull dogs. But Japhet takes them to task very severely. Noah and Shem now join the party, and a conversation ensues between them all, neither very spirited nor very edifying—when enters Raphael the Archangel, who holds a highly poetical dialogue with Samiasa. — WILSON.]



*Japh.* Angel! what  
Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high?

*Aza.* Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou, that a  
part

Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

*Japh.* But all good angels have forsaken earth,  
Which is condemned; nay, even the evil fly  
The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my  
In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!  
Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those hours  
When no good spirit longer lights below?

*Anah.* Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet  
Forgive me —

*Japh.* May the Heaven, which soon no more  
Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

*Aho.* Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!  
We know thee not.

*Japh.* The hour may come when thou  
May'st know me better; and thy sister know  
Me still the same which I have ever been.

*Sam.* Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been  
Upright before his God, whate'er thy gifts,  
And thy words seem of sorrow, mixed with wrath,  
How have Azazel, or myself, brought on thee  
Wrong?

*Japh.* Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou  
Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,  
Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said  
That word so often! but now say it, ne'er  
To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er

Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power  
To save this beautiful — *these* beautiful  
Children of Cain?

*Aza.* From what?

*Japh.* And is it so,  
That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye  
Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must  
Partake his punishment; or, at the least,  
My sorrow.

*Sam.* Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now  
To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

*Japh.* And hath not the Most High expounded  
them?

Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

*Aho.* So be it!  
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink  
More to be mortal, than I would to dare  
An immortality of agonies  
With Samiasa!

*Anah.* Sister! sister! speak not  
Thus.

*Aza.* Fearest thou, my Anah?

*Anah.* Yes, for thee:  
I would resign the greater remnant of  
This little life of mine, before one hour  
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

*Japh.* It is for *him*, then! for the seraph thou  
Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not  
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,  
Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot

Be happy or be hallowed. We are sent  
Upon the earth to toil and die ; and they  
Are made to minister on high unto  
The Highest : but if he can *save* thee, soon  
The hour will come in which celestial aid  
Alone can do so.

*Anah.* Ah ! he speaks of death.

*Sam.* Of death to *us* ! and those who are with us !  
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I  
Could smile.

*Japh.* I grieve not for myself, nor fear ;  
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those  
Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found  
Righteous enough to save his children. Would  
His power was greater of redemption ! or  
That by exchanging my own life for hers,  
Who could alone have made mine happy, she,  
The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share  
The ark which shall receive a remnant of  
The seed of Seth !

*Aho.* And dost thou think that we,  
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood  
Warm in our veins, — strong Cain ! who was be-  
gotten

In Paradise — would mingle with Seth's children ?  
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage ?  
No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril !  
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine  
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

*Japh.* I did not speak to thee, *Aholibamah* !

Too much of the forefather whom thou vauntest  
Has come down in that haughty blood which  
springs

From him who shed the first, and that a brother's !  
But thou, my Anah ! let me call thee mine,  
Albeit thou art not ; 't is a word I cannot  
Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah !  
Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel  
Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race  
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art  
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,  
For all of them are fairest in their favor —

*Aho. (interrupting him).* And wouldst thou have  
her like our father's foe

In mind, in soul ? If *I* partook thy thought,  
And dreamed that aught of *Abel* was in *her* ! —  
Get thee hence, son of Noah ; thou makest strife.

*Japh.* Offspring of Cain, thy father did so !

*Aho.*

But

He slew not Seth : and what hast thou to do  
With other deeds between his God and him ?

*Japh.* Thou speakest well : his God hath judged  
him, and

I had not named his deed, but that thyself  
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink  
From what he had done.

*Aho.*

He was our fathers' father ;  
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,  
And most enduring : — Shall I blush for him  
From whom we had our being ? Look upon

Our race ; behold their stature and their beauty,  
Their courage, strength, and length of days ——

*Japh.* They are numbered.

*Aho.* Be it so ! but while yet their hours endure,  
I glory in my brethren and our fathers.

*Japh.* My sire and race but glory in their God,  
Anah ! and thou ? ——

*Anah.* Whate'er our God decrees,  
The God of Seth as Cain, I must obey,  
And will endeavor patiently to obey.  
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour  
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),  
It would not be to live, alone exempt  
Of all my house. My sister ! oh, my sister !  
What were the world, or other worlds, or all  
The brightest future, without the sweet past —  
Thy love — my father's — all the life, and all  
The things which sprang up with me, like the stars,  
Making my dim existence radiant with  
Soft lights which were not mine ? Aholibamah !  
Oh ! if there should be mercy — seek it, find it :  
I abhor death, because that thou must die.

*Aho.* What, hath this dreamer, with his father's  
ark,  
The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,  
Shaken *my* sister ? Are *we* not the loved  
Of seraphs ? and if we were not, must we  
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives ?  
Rather than thus —— But the enthusiast dreams  
The worst of dreams, the fantasies engendered

By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who  
Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,  
And bid those clouds and waters take a shape  
Distinct from that which we and all our sires  
Have seen them wear on their eternal way?  
Who shall do this?

*Japh.* He whose one word produced them.

*Aho.* Who *heard* that word?

*Japh.* The universe, which leaped  
To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?  
Turn to thy seraphs: if they attest it not,  
They are none.

*Sam.* Aholibamah, own thy God!

*Aho.* I have ever hailed our Maker, Samiasa,  
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.

*Japh.* Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even  
He who made earth in love had soon to grieve  
Above its first and best inhabitants.

*Aho.* 'Tis said so.

*Japh.* It is even so.

*Enter NOAH and SHEM.*

*Noah.* Japhet! What  
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?  
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

*Japh.* Father, it cannot be a sin to seek  
To save an earth-born being; and behold,  
These are not of the sinful, since they have  
The fellowship of angels.

*Noah.* These are they, then,  
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives  
From out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,  
Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?

*Aza.* Patriarch!

Thou hast said it.

*Noah.* Woe, woe, woe to such communion!  
Has not God made a barrier between earth  
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

*Sam.* Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?  
Did God not love what he had made? And what  
Do we but imitate and emulate  
His love unto created love?

*Noah.* I am  
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,  
Far less the sons of God; but as our God  
Has deigned to commune with me, and reveal  
*His* judgments, I reply, that the descent  
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat  
Unto a perishable and perishing,  
Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,  
Cannot be good.

*Aza.* What! though it were to save?

*Noah.* Not ye in all your glory can redeem  
What he who made you glorious hath condemned.  
Were your immortal mission safety, 't would  
Be general, not for two, though beautiful;  
And beautiful they are, but not the less  
Condemned.

*Japh.* Oh, father! say it not.

*Noah.* Son! son!  
If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget  
That they exist: they soon shall cease to be;  
While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,  
And better.

*Japh.* Let me die with *this*, and *them*!

*Noah.* Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt  
not; he  
Who *can* redeems thee.

*Sam.* And why him and thee,  
More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

*Noah.* Ask him who made thee greater than my-  
self  
And mine, but not less subject to his own  
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and  
Least to be tempted messenger appears!

*Enter RAPHAEL \* the Archangel.*

*Raph.* Spirits!  
Whose seat is near the throne,  
What do ye here?  
Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,  
Now that the hour is near  
When earth must be alone?  
Return!  
Adore and burn

\* [In the original MS. "Michael." "I return you," says Byron to Mr. M., "the revise. I have softened the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of Michael to Raphael, who was an angel of gentler sympathies." — *Byron Letters*, July 6, 1822.]



In glorious homage with the elected "seven."  
Your place is heaven.

*Sam.* Raphael!

The first and fairest of the sons of God,  
How long hath this been law,  
That earth by angels must be left untrod?  
Earth! which oft saw  
Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!  
The world he loved, and made  
For love; and oft have we obeyed  
His frequent mission with delighted pinions:  
Adoring him in his least works displayed;  
Watching this youngest star of his dominions;  
And, as the latest birth of his great word,  
Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

*Raph.* Had Samiassa and Azazel been

In their true place, with the angelic choir,

Written in fire

They would have seen

Jehovah's late decree,

And not inquired their Maker's breath of me:

But ignorance must ever be

A part of sin;

And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less

As they wax proud within;

For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.

When all good angels left the world, ye stayed,  
Stung with strange passions, and debased

By mortal feelings for a mortal maid :  
But ye are pardoned thus far, and replaced  
With your pure equals. Hence ! away ! away !

Or stay,

And lose eternity by that delay

*Aza.* And thou ! if earth be thus forbidden

In the decree

To us until this moment hidden,

Dost thou not err as we

In being here ?

*Raph.* I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,

In the great name and at the word of God.

Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less  
dear

That which I came to do : till now we trod  
Together the eternal space ; together  
Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die !

Her race, returned into her womb, must wither,

And much which she inherits : but oh ! why

Cannot this earth be made, or be destroyed,

Without involving ever some vast void

In the immortal ranks ? immortal still

In their immeasurable forfeiture.

Our brother Satan fell ; his burning will

Rather than longer worship dared endure !

But ye who still are pure !

Seraphs ! less mighty than that mightiest one,

Think how he was undone !

And think if tempting man can compensate

For heaven desired too late ?

Long have I warred,  
Long must I war  
With him who deemed it hard  
To be created, and to acknowledge him  
Who midst the cherubim  
Made him as suns to a dependent star,  
Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.  
I loved him — beautiful he was: oh heaven!  
Save *his* who made, what beauty and what power  
Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour  
In which he fell could ever be forgiven!  
The wish is impious: but, oh ye!  
Yet undestroyed, be warned! Eternity  
With him, or with his God, is in your choice:  
He hath not tempted you; he cannot tempt  
The angels, from his further snares exempt:  
But man hath listened to his voice,  
And ye to woman's — beautiful she is,  
The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.  
The snake but vanquished dust; but she will draw  
A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.  
Yet, yet, oh fly!  
Ye cannot die;  
But they  
Shall pass away,  
While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky  
For perishable clay,  
Whose memory in your immortality  
Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.  
Think how your essence differeth from theirs

In all but suffering ! why partake  
The agony to which they must be heirs —  
Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares,  
And reaped by Death, lord of the human soil ?  
Even had their days been left to toil their path  
Through time to dust, unshortened by God's wrath,  
Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.

*Aho.* Let them fly !

I hear the voice which says that all must die  
Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died ;

And that on high  
An ocean is prepared,  
While from below

The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.

Few shall be spared,  
It seems ; and, of that few, the race of Cain  
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.

Sister ! since it is so,  
And the eternal Lord  
In vain would be implored  
For the remission of one hour of woe,  
Let us resign even what we have adored,  
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,  
If not unmoved, yet undismayed,  
And wailing less for us than those who shall  
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,  
And, when the fatal waters are allayed,  
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.  
Fly, seraphs ! to your own eternal shore,  
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,  
And yours to live for ever :  
But which is best, a dead eternity,  
Or living, is but known to the great Giver.  
Obey him, as we shall obey ;  
I would not keep this life of mine in clay  
An hour beyond his will ;  
Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,  
For all the mercy which Seth's race  
Find still.

Fly !

And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,  
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,  
Samiasa !

And if I look up with a tearless eye,  
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep, —  
Farewell ! Now rise, inexorable deep !  
*Anah.* And must we die ?

And must I lose thee too,  
Azaziel ?

Oh, my heart ! my heart !  
Thy prophecies were true !  
And yet thou wert so happy too !

The blow, though not unlooked for, falls as new :  
But yet depart !

Ah ! why ?

Yet let me not retain thee — fly !  
My pangs can be but brief ; but thine would be  
Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.  
Too much already hast thou deigned

To one of Adam's race!  
Our doom is sorrow : not to us alone,  
But to the spirits who have not disdained  
To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.  
The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurled  
From his once archangelic throne  
Into some unknown world :  
And thou, Azazel ! No —  
Thou shalt not suffer woe  
For me. Away ! nor weep !  
Thou canst not weep ; but yet  
May'st suffer more, not weeping : then forget  
Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling deep  
Can bring no pang like this. Fly ! fly !  
Being gone, 't will be less difficult to die.  
*Japh.* Oh say not so !  
Father ! and thou, archangel, thou !  
Surely celestial mercy lurks below  
That pure severe serenity of brow :  
Let them not meet this sea without a shore,  
Save in our ark, or let me be no more !  
*Noah.* Peace, child of passion, peace !  
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue  
Do God no wrong !  
Live as he wills it — die, when he ordains,  
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.  
Cease, or be sorrowful in silence ; cease  
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.  
Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee ?  
Such would it be  
To alter his intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!  
And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

*Japh.* Ay, father! but when they are gone,  
And we are all alone,  
Floating upon the azure desert, and  
The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,  
And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all  
Buried in its immeasurable breast,  
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?  
Can we in desolation's peace have rest?  
Oh God! be thou a God, and spare  
Yet while 'tis time!

Renew not Adam's fall:  
Mankind were then but twain,  
But they are numerous now as are the waves  
And the tremendous rain,  
Whose drops shall be less thick than would their  
    graves,  
Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.  
*Noah.* Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a  
    crime.

Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.  
*Raph.* Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion:  
    Ye!

Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,  
May now return with me.

*Sam.* It may not be:  
We have chosen, and will endure.

*Raph.* Say'st thou?

*Aza.* He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

*Raph.* Again !  
Then from this hour,  
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,  
And aliens from your God,  
Farewell !

*Japh.* Alas ! where shall they dwell ?  
Hark, hark ! Deep sounds, and deeper still,  
Are howling from the mountain's bosom :  
There 's not a breath of wind upon the hill,  
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom :  
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

*Noah.* Hark, hark ! the sea-birds cry !  
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,  
And hover round the mountain, where before  
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,  
Yet dared to soar,  
Even when the waters waxed too fierce to brave.  
Soon it shall be their only shore,  
And then, no more !

*Japh.* The sun ! the sun !  
He riseth, but his better light is gone ;  
And a black circle, bound  
His glaring disk around,  
Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone !  
The clouds return into the hues of night,  
Save where their brazen-colored edges streak  
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

*Noah.* And lo ! yon flash of light,  
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears !  
It cometh ! hence, away !



Leave to the elements their evil prey!  
Hence to where our all-hallowed ark uprears  
    Its safe and wreckless sides!

*Japh.* Oh, father, stay!

Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!

*Noah.* Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

*Japh.* Not I.

*Noah.* Then die

    With them!

How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,  
And seek to save what all things now condemn,  
    In overwhelming unison

    With just Jehovah's wrath!

*Japh.* Can rage and justice join in the same path?

*Noah.* Blasphemer! darest thou murmur even  
    now?

*Raph.* Patriarch, be still a father! smoothe thy  
    brow:

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:

He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink

    With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;

But be, when passion passeth, good as thou,

    Nor perish like heaven's children with man's  
    daughters. [unite

*Aho.* The tempest cometh; heaven and earth  
    For the annihilation of all life.

    Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

*Sam.* But ours is with thee; we will bear ye far  
    To some untroubled star,

Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:

And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth  
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.

*Anah.* Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of  
birth,

And mountains, land, and woods! when ye are not,  
Who shall dry up my tears!

*Aza.* Thy spirit-lord.

Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,  
Yet much is ours, whence we cannot be driven.

*Raph.* Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy  
deeds

Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,  
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,  
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

*Aza.* It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,  
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.  
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?

*Raph.* The moment cometh to approve thy  
strength;

And learn at length

How vain to war with what thy God commands:  
Thy former force was in thy faith.

*Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.*

*Chorus of Mortals.*

The heavens and earth are mingling—God! oh God!  
What have we done? Yet spare!

Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their prayer!

The dragon crawls from out his den,

To herd, in terror, innocent with men;

And the birds scream their agony through air.

Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod

Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair!

Hear not man only but all nature plead!

*Raph.* Farewell, thou earth! ye wretched sons  
of clay,

I cannot, must not, aid you. 'T is decreed!

[*Exit* RAPHAEL.]

*Japh.* Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their  
prey,

While others, fixed as rocks, await the word

At which their wrathful vials shall be poured.

No azure more shall robe the firmament,

Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath risen:

In the sun's place a pale and ghastly glare

Hath wound itself around the dying air.\*

*Aza.* Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded prison,

To which the elements again repair,

To turn it into what it was: beneath

The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,

As was the eagle's nestling once within

\* [In his description of the deluge, which is a varied and recurring masterpiece, — (we hear it foretold, and we see it come,) — Lord Byron appears to us to have had an eye to Poussin's celebrated picture, with the sky hanging like a weight of lead upon the waters, the sun quenched and lurid, the rocks and trees upon them gloomily watching their fate, and a few figures struggling vainly with the overwhelming waves. — JEFFREY.]

Its mother's. — Let the coming chaos chafe  
 With all its elements! Heed not their din!  
 A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe  
 Ethereal life, will we explore:  
 These darkened clouds are not the only skies.

[AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear  
 with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

*Japh.* They are gone! They have disappeared  
 amidst the roar  
 Of the forsaken world; and never more,  
 Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,  
 Now near its last, can aught restore  
 Anah unto these eyes.\*

*Chorus of Mortals.*

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!  
 What! wilt thou leave us all — all — *all* behind?  
 While safe amidst the elemental strife,  
 Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark?  
*A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET).* Oh let  
 this child embark!  
 I brought him forth in woe,  
 But thought it joy  
 To see him to my bosom clinging so.  
 Why was he born?  
 What hath he done —  
 My unweaned son —  
 To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?  
 What is there in this milk of mine, that death

\* [The despair of the mortal lovers for the loss of their mortal mistresses is well and pathetically expressed. — JEFFREY.]

Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?

Save him, thou seed of Seth!

Or cursed be — with him who made

Thee and thy race, for which we are betrayed!

*Japh.* Peace! 't is no hour for curses, but for  
prayer.

*Chorus of Mortals.*

For prayer!!!

And where

Shall prayer ascend,

When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend

And burst,

And gushing oceans every barrier rend,

Until the very deserts know no thirst?

Accursed

Be he who made thee and thy sire!

We deem our curses vain; we must expire;

But as we know the worst,

Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent

Before the implacable Omnipotent,

Since we must fall the same?

If he hath made earth, let it be his shame,

To make a world for torture. — Lo! they come,

The loathsome waters, in their rage!

And with their roar make wholesome nature dumb!

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour

When Paradise upsprung,

Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,  
Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),  
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,  
Are overtopped,  
Their summer blossoms by the surges lopped,  
Which rise, and rise, and rise.  
Vainly we look up to the lowering skies —  
They meet the seas,  
And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.  
Fly, son of Noah, fly! and take thine ease  
In thine allotted ocean-tent;  
And view, all floating o'er the element,  
The corpses of the world of thy young days:  
Then to Jehovah raise  
Thy song of praise!  
*A Mortal.* Blessed are the dead  
Who die in the Lord!  
And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,  
Yet, as *his* word,  
Be the decree adored!  
He gave me life — he taketh but  
The breath which is his own:  
And though these eyes should be for ever shut,  
Nor longer this weak voice before his throne  
Be heard in supplicating tone,  
Still blessed be the Lord,  
For what is past,  
For that which is:  
For all are his,  
From first to last —

Time — space — eternity — life — death —  
The vast known and immeasurable unknown.  
He made, and can unmake ;  
And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,  
Blaspheme and groan ?  
No ; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,  
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake !

*Chorus of Mortals.*

Where shall we fly ?  
Not to the mountains high ;  
For now their torrents rush, with double roar,  
To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,  
Already grasps each drowning hill,  
Nor leaves an unsearched cave.

*Enter a Woman.*

*Woman.* Oh, save me, save !  
Our valley is no more :  
My father and my father's tent,  
My brethren and my brethren's herds,  
The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent  
And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,  
The little rivulet which freshened all  
Our pastures green,  
No more are to be seen.  
When to the mountain cliff I climbed this morn,  
I turned to bless the spot,  
And not a leaf appeared about to fall ; —  
And now they are not ! —

Why was I born ?

*Japh.* To die ! in youth to die ;  
And happier in that doom,  
Than to behold the universal tomb  
Which I

Am thus condemned to weep above in vain.  
Why, when all perish, why must I remain ? \*

\* [This poem, or rather first part of a poem, for so it is stated to be, carries with it the peculiar impress of the writer's genius. It displays great vigor, and even a severity of style, throughout; which is another proof, if proof were needed, that elevation of writing is to be obtained only by a rigid regard to simplicity. It may be perused without shocking the feelings of the sensitive, or furnishing an object for the discriminating morality of the Lord Chancellor. Lord Byron has evidently endeavored to sustain the interest of this poem, by depicting natural, but deep drawn thoughts, in all their freshness and intensity, with as little fictitious aid as possible. Nothing is circumlocutory: there is no going about and about to enter at length upon his object, but he impetuously rushes into it at once. All over the poem there is a gloom cast suitable to the subject: an ominous fearful hue, like that which Poussin has flung over his inimitable picture of the Deluge. We see much evil, but we dread more. All is out of earthly keeping, as the events of the time are out of the course of nature. Man's wickedness, the perturbed creation, fear-struck mortals, demons passing to and fro in the earth, an overshadowing solemnity, and unearthly loves, form together the materials. That it has faults is obvious: prosaic passages, and too much tedious soliloquizing: but there is the vigor and force of Byron to fling into the scale against these: there is much of the sublime in description, and the beautiful in poetry. Prejudice, or ignorance, or both, may condemn it; but, while true poetical feeling exists amongst us, it will be pronounced not unworthy of its distinguished author. — CAMP-BELL.

It appears that this is but the first part of a poem; but it is



*[The waters rise: Men fly in every direction;  
many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus  
of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the  
mountains: Japhet remains upon a rock, while  
the Ark floats towards him in the distance.]*

likewise a poem, and a fine one too, within itself. We confess that we see little or nothing objectionable in it, either as to theological orthodoxy, or general human feeling. It is solemn, lofty, fearful, wild, tumultuous, and shadowed all over with the darkness of a dreadful disaster. Of the angels who love the daughters of men we see little, and know less — and not too much of the love and passion of the fair lost mortals. The inconsolable despair preceding and accompanying an incomprehensible catastrophe pervades the whole composition; and its expression is made sublime by the noble strain of poetry in which it is said or sung. Sometimes there is heaviness — dullness — as if it were pressed in on purpose; intended, perhaps, to denote the occasional stupefaction, drowsiness, and torpidity of soul produced by the impending destruction upon the latest of the Antediluvians. But, on the whole, it is not unworthy of Lord Byron. — WILSON.

Lord Byron's "Mystery," with whatever crudeness and defects it is chargeable, certainly has more poetry and music in it than any of his dramatic writings since "Manfred;" and has also the peculiar merit of throwing us back, in a great degree, to the strange and preternatural time of which it professes to treat. It is truly, and in every sense of the word, a meeting of "heaven and earth;" angels are seen ascending and descending, and the windows of the sky are opened to deluge the face of nature. We have an impassioned picture of the strong and devoted attachment inspired into the daughters of men by angel forms, and have placed before us the emphatic picture of "woman wailing for her demon lover." There is a like conflict of the passions as of the elements — all wild, chaotic, uncontrollable, fatal; but there is a discordant harmony in all this — a keeping in the coloring and the time. In handling the unpol-

ished page, we look upon the world before the flood, and gaze upon a doubtful blank, with only a few straggling figures, part human and part divine; while, in the expression of the former, we read the fancies, ethereal and lawless, that lifted the eye of beauty to the skies, and, in the latter, the human passions that "drew angels down to earth." — JEFFREY.]



**THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED ;**

**A DRAMA.**

**(57)**



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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THIS production is founded partly on the story of a novel called "The Three Brothers,"\* published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken — and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the two first Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

\* [The "Three Brothers" is a romance, published in 1808, the work of a Joshua Pickersgill, junior.]





## INTRODUCTION

### TO THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

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THIS drama was begun at Pisa in 1821, but was not published till January, 1824. Mr. Medwin says: — “On my calling on Lord Byron one morning, he produced the ‘Deformed Transformed.’ Handing it to Shelley, as he was in the habit of doing his daily compositions, he said — ‘Shelley, I have been writing a Faustish kind of drama: tell me what you think of it.’ After reading it attentively, Shelley returned it. ‘Well,’ said Lord B. ‘how do you like it?’ ‘Least,’ replied he, ‘of any thing I ever saw of yours. It is a bad imitation of ‘Faust,’ and besides, there are two entire lines of Southey’s in it.’ Lord Byron changed color immediately, and asked hastily, ‘what lines?’ Shelley repeated,

‘And water shall see thee,  
And fear thee, and flee thee.’



They are in the 'Curse of Kehama.' His Lordship instantly threw the poem into the fire. He seemed to feel no chagrin at seeing it consume—at least his countenance betrayed none, and his conversation became more gay and lively than usual. Whether it was hatred of Southey, or respect for Shelley's opinion, which made him commit the act that I considered a sort of suicide, was always doubtful to me. I was never more surprised than to see, two years afterwards, 'The Deformed Transformed' announced (supposing it to have perished at Pisa); but it seems that he must have had another copy of the manuscript, or that he had rewritten it perhaps, without changing a word, except omitting the Kehama lines. His memory was remarkably retentive of his own writings. I believe he could have quoted almost every line he ever wrote."

Mrs. Shelley says:—"This had long been a favorite subject with Lord Byron. I think that he mentioned it also in Switzerland. I copied it—he sending a portion of it at a time, as it was finished, to me. At this time he had a great horror of its being said that he plagiarized, or that he studied for ideas, and wrote with difficulty. Thus, he gave Shelley Aiken's edition of the British Poets, that it might not be found in his house by some English loungeur, and reported home: thus, too, he always dated when he began and when he ended a poem, to prove hereafter how quickly it

was done. I do not think that he altered a line in this drama after he had once written it down. He composed and corrected in his mind. I do not know how he meant to finish it; but he said himself that the whole conduct of the story was already conceived. It was at this time that a brutal paragraph alluding to his lameness appeared, which he repeated to me; lest I should hear it first from some one else. No action of Lord Byron's life — scarce a line he has written — but was influenced by his personal defect."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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STRANGER, *afterwards* CÆSAR.

ARNOLD.

BOURBON.

PHILIBERT.

CELLINI.

BERTHA.

OLIMPIA.

---

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, etc.*

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

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### PART I.

#### SCENE I.

##### *A Forest.*

*Enter ARNOLD and his mother BERTHA.*

*Bert.* Out, hunchback!

*Arn.* I was born so, mother!\*

*Bert.* Out,  
Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons,  
The sole abortion!

*Arn.* Would that I had been so,  
And never seen the light!

*Bert.* I would so too!  
But as thou *hast* — hence, hence — and do thy best!

\* [Lord Byron's own mother, when in ill humor with him, used to make the deformity in his foot the subject of taunts and reproaches. She would (we quote from a letter written by one of her relations in Scotland) pass from passionate caresses to the repulsion of actual disgust; then devour him with kisses again, and swear his eyes were as beautiful as his father's.—  
QUAR. REV.]

That back of thine may bear its burden ; 't is  
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

*Arn.* It bears its burden ;—but, my heart ! Will it  
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother ?  
I love, or, at the least, I loved you : nothing  
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.  
You nursed me — do not kill me !

*Bert.* Yes — I nursed thee,  
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not  
If there would be another unlike thee,  
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,  
And gather wood !

*Arn.* I will : but when I bring it,  
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are  
So beautiful and lusty, and as free  
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me :  
Our milk has been the same.

*Bert.* As is the hedgehog's,  
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome  
dam

Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds  
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.\*  
Call not thy brothers brethren ! Call me not  
Mother ; for if I brought thee forth, it was  
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by  
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out !

[*Exit* BERTHA.]

\* [This is now believed to be a vulgar error ; the smallness of the animal's mouth rendering it incapable of the mischief laid to its charge.]

*Arn. (solus).* Oh mother! — She is gone, and I  
Her bidding; — wearily but willingly [must do  
I would fulfil it, could I only hope  
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[*ARNOLD begins to cut wood: in doing this he  
wounds one of his hands.*

My labor for the day is over now.  
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;  
For double curses will be my meed now  
At home — What home? I have no home, no kin,  
No kind — not made like other creatures, or  
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too  
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth  
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung  
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me, [me!  
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake  
His form, why not his power? Is it because  
I have not his will too? For one kind word  
From her who bore me would still reconcile me  
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash  
The wound.

[*ARNOLD goes to a spring, and stoops to wash  
his hand: he starts back.*

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me,  
What she hath made me. I will not look on it  
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch  
That I am! The very waters mock me with  
My horrid shadow — like a demon placed  
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle  
From drinking therein. [*He pauses.*

And shall I live on,  
 A burden to the earth, myself, and shame  
 Unto what brought me into life ! Thou blood,  
 Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me  
 Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream  
 Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself  
 On earth, to which I will restore at once  
 This hateful compound of her atoms, and  
 Resolve back to her elements, and take  
 The shape of any reptile save myself,  
 And make a world for myriads of new worms !  
 This knife ! now let me prove if it will sever  
 This withered slip of nature's nightshade — my  
 Vile form — from the creation, as it hath  
 The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground, with  
 the point upwards.

Now 't is set,  
 And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance  
 On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like  
 Myself, and the sweet sun which warmed me, but  
 In vain. The birds — how joyously they sing !  
 So let them, for I would not be lamented :  
 But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell ;  
 The fallen leaves my monument ; the murmur  
 Of the near fountain my sole elegy.  
 Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall !

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his  
 eye is suddenly caught by the fountain, which  
 seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind : but shall  
The ripple of a spring change my resolve ?

No. Yet it moves again ! The waters stir,  
Not as with air, but by some subterranean  
And rocking power of the internal world.  
What's here ? A mist ! No more ? —

*[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands  
gazing upon it ; it is dispelled, and a tall  
black man comes towards him.]*

*Arn.* What would you ? Speak !

Spirit or man ?

*Stran.* As man is both, why not

Say both in one ?

*Arn.* Your form is man's, and yet

You may be devil.

*Stran.* So many men are that

Which is so called or thought, that you may add  
me

To which you please, without much wrong to either

But come : you wish to kill yourself ; — pursue

Your purpose.

*Arn.* You have interrupted me.

*Stran.* What is that resolution which can e'er

Be interrupted ? If I be the devil

You deem, a single moment would have made you

Mine, and for ever, by your suicide ;

And yet my coming saves you.

*Arn.* I said not

You *were* the demon, but that your approach

Was like one.



*Stran.* Unless you keep company  
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high  
Society) you can't tell how he approaches ;  
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,  
And then on me, and judge which of us twain  
Looks likest what the boors believe to be  
Their cloven-footed terror.

*Arn.* Do you — dare *you*  
To taunt me with my born deformity ?

*Stran.* Were I to taunt a buffalo with this  
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary  
With thy sublime of humps, the animals  
Would revel in the compliment. And yet  
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more  
mighty  
In action and endurance than thyself,  
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind  
With thee. Thy form is natural: 't was only  
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow  
The gifts which are of others upon man.

*Arn.* Give me the strength then of the buffalo's  
foot,  
When he spurs high the dust, beholding his  
Near enemy ; or let me have the long  
And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,  
The helmless dromedary ! — and I'll bear  
Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

*Stran.* I will.

*Arn. (with surprise).* Thou *canst* ?

*Stran.* Perhaps. Would you aught else ?

*Arn.* Thou mockest me.

*Stran.* Not I. Why should I mock  
What all are mocking? That's poor sport, methinks.  
To talk to thee in human language (for  
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester  
Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar  
Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game  
To petty burghers, who leave once a year  
Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with  
Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee, —  
Now *I* can mock the mightiest.

*Arn.* Then waste not  
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

*Stran.* Your thoughts  
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:  
I am not so easily recalled to do  
Good service.

*Arn.* What wilt thou do for me?

*Stran.* Change  
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so irks you;  
Or form you to your wish in any shape.

*Arn.* Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for  
Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

*Stran.* I'll show thee  
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and give  
thee  
Thy choice.

*Arn.* On what condition?

*Stran.* There's a question!  
An hour ago you would have given your soul

To look like other men, and now you pause  
To wear the form of heroes.

*Arn.* No; I will not.

I must not compromise my soul.

*Stran.* What soul,

Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcass?

*Arn.* 'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tene-  
ment

In which it is misloded. But name your compact:  
Must it be signed in blood?

*Stran.* Not in your own.

*Arn.* Whose blood then?

*Stran.* We will talk of that hereafter.

But I'll be moderate with you, for I see  
Great things within you. You shall have no bond  
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.  
Are you content?

*Arn.* I take thee at thy word.

*Stran.* Now then!—

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain, and  
turns to ARNOLD.*

A little of your blood.

*Arn.* For what?

*Stran.* To mingle with the magic of the waters,  
And make the charm effective.

*Arn.* (*holding out his wounded arm*). Take it all.

*Stran.* Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[*The Stranger takes some of ARNOLD'S blood in  
his hand, and casts it into the fountain.*

*Stran.* Shadows of beauty!  
Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty —  
This is the hour!  
Walk lovely and pliant  
From the depth of this fountain,  
As the cloud-shapen giant  
Bestrides the Hartz Mountain.\*  
Come as ye were,  
That our eyes may behold  
The model in air  
Of the form I will mould,  
Bright as the Iris  
When ether is spanned;—  
Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to ARNOLD.*  
Such my command!  
Demons heroic —  
Demons who wore  
The form of the stoic  
Or sophist of yore —  
Or the shape of each victor,  
From Macedon's boy  
To each high Roman's picture,  
Who breathed to destroy —  
Shadows of beauty!  
Shadows of power!

\* This is a well-known German superstition — a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Brocken. [The Brocken is the name of the loftiest of the Hartz mountains, in the kingdom of Hanover. From the earliest periods of authentic history, the Brocken has been the seat of the marvellous. The spectres are merely shadows of the observer projected on dense vapor or thin fleecy clouds which have the power of reflecting much light.]

Up to your duty —  
This is the hour !

[ *Various Phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and ARNOLD.*

Arn. What do I see ?

Stran. The black-eyed Roman, with  
The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er  
Beheld a conqueror, or looked along  
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became  
His, and all theirs who heired his very name.

Arn. The phantom's bald ; my quest is beauty.  
Could I

Inherit but his fame with his defects !

Stran. His brow was girt with laurels more than  
hairs.

You see his aspect — choose it, or reject.  
I can but promise you his form ; his fame  
Must be long sought and fought for.

Arn. I will fight too,  
But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass ;  
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stran. Then you are far more difficult to please  
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,  
Or Cleopatra at sixteen — an age  
When love is not less in the eye than heart.  
But be it so ! Shadow, pass on !

[ *The phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*

Arn. And can it  
Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone,  
And left no footstep ?

*Stran.* There you err. His substance  
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame  
More than enough to track his memory ;  
But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,  
Except a little longer and less crooked  
I' the sun. Behold another !

[*A second phantom passes.*

*Arn.* Who is he ?

*Stran.* He was the fairest and the bravest of  
Athenians. Look upon him well.

*Arn.* He is  
More lovely than the last. How beautiful !\*

\* ["Upon the whole, it may be doubted whether there be a name of antiquity which comes down with such a general charm as that of Alcibiades. Why? I cannot answer. Who can?" † — *Byron's Diary.*]

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† One cannot help being struck with Lord Byron's choice of a favorite among the heroic names of antiquity. The man who was educated by Pericles, and who commanded the admiration as well as the affection of Socrates ; whose gallantry and boldness were always as undisputed as the pre-eminent graces of his person and manners ; who died at *forty-five*, after having been successively the delight and hero of Athens, of Sparta, of Persia ; — this most versatile of great men has certainly left to the world a very splendid reputation. But his fame is stained with the recollections of a most profligate and debauched course of private life, and of the most complete and flagrant contempt of public principle ; and it is to be hoped that there are not many men who could gravely give to the name of Alcibiades a preference, on the whole, over such an one as that of an Epaminondas or a Leonidas, or even of a Miltiades or a Hannibal. But the career of Alcibiades was *romantic* : every great event in which he had a share has the air of a personal adventure ; and, whatever might be said of his want of principle, moral and political, nobody ever doubted the greatness of his powers and the brilliancy of his accomplishments. By the gift of nature, the handsomest creature of his time, and the possessor of a very extraordinary genius, he was,

*Stran.* Such was the curled son of Clinias ; —  
wouldst thou  
Invest thee with his form ?

*Arn.* Would that I had  
Been born with it ! But since I may choose further,  
I will look further.

[*The shade of Alcibiades disappears.*]

*Stran.* Lo ! behold again !

*Arn.* What ! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-  
eyed satyr,  
With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,  
The splay feet and low stature !\* I had better  
Remain that which I am.

*Stran.* And yet he was  
The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,  
And personification of all virtue.  
But you reject him ?

*Arn.* If his form could bring me  
That which redeemed it — no.

\* ["The outside of Socrates was that of a satyr and buffoon, but his soul was all virtue, and from within him came such divine and pathetic things, as pierced the heart, and drew tears from the hearers." — PLATO.]

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by accidents or by fits, a soldier, — a hero, — an orator, — and even, it should seem, a philosopher ; but he played these parts only because he wished it to be thought that there was no part which he could not play. He thought of nothing but himself. His vanity entirely commanded the direction of his genius, and could even make him abandon occasionally his voluptuousness for the very opposite extreme ; which last circumstance, by the way, was probably one of those that had hit Lord Byron's fancy — as indeed it may be suspected to have influenced his behavior. — LOCKHART.

*Stran.* I have no power  
To promise that; but you may try, and find it  
Easier in such a form, or in your own.

*Arn.* No. I was not born for philosophy,  
Though I have that about me which has need on't.  
Let him fleet on.

*Stran.* Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[*The shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.*]

*Arn.* What's here? whose broad brow and whose  
curly beard

And manly aspect look like Hercules,  
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus  
Than the sad purger of the infernal world,  
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,  
As if he knew the worthlessness of those  
For whom he had fought.

*Stran.* It was the man who lost  
The ancient world for love.

*Arn.* I cannot blame him,  
Since I have risked my soul because I find not  
That which he exchanged the earth for.

*Stran.* Since so far  
You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

*Arn.* No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,  
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er  
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore  
Whence they float back before us.

*Stran.* Hence, triumvir!  
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The shade of Antony disappears: another rises.*]



*Arn.*

Who is this?

Who truly looketh like a demigod,  
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,  
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal  
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,  
Which he wears as the sun his rays — a something  
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing  
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.  
*Was he e'er human only?\**

*Stran.*

Let the earth speak,

If there be atoms of him left, or even  
Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

*Arn.* Who was this glory of mankind?

*Stran.*

The shame

Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war —  
Demetrius the Macedonian, and  
Taker of cities.

*Arn.*

Yet one shadow more.

*Stran. (addressing the shadow).* Get thee to  
Lamia's lap!

[*The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes :  
another rises.*

I'll fit you still,

Fear not, my hunchback: if the shadows of  
That which existed please not your nice taste,

\* [The beauty and mien of Demetrius Poliorcetes were so inimitable, that no statuary or painter could hit off a likeness. His countenance had a mixture of grace and dignity, and was at once amiable and awful, and the unsubdued and eager air of youth was blended with the majesty of the hero and the king. PLUTARCH.]

I'll animate the ideal marble, till  
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

*Arn.* Content! I will fix here.

*Stran.*

I must commend

Your choice. The godlike son of the sea-goddess,  
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks  
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves  
Of rich Pactolus, rolled o'er sands of gold,  
Softened by intervening crystal, and  
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,  
All vowed to Sperchius as they were — behold them!  
And *him* — as he stood by Polixena,  
With sanctioned and with softened love, before  
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,  
With some remorse within for Hector slain  
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion  
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand  
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So  
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as  
Greece looked her last upon her best, the instant  
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

*Arn.*

I gaze upon him

As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon  
Envelope mine.

*Stran.*

You have done well. The greatest  
Deformity should only barter with  
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true  
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

*Arn.*

Come! Be quick!

I am impatient.

*Stran.* As a youthful beauty  
Before her glass. *You both* see what is not,  
But dream it is what must be.

*Arn.* Must I wait?

*Stran.* No; that were a pity. But a word or two:  
His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far  
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or  
(To talk canonically) wax a son  
Of Anak?

*Arn.* Why not?

*Stran.* Glorious ambition!  
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of  
Philistine stature would have gladly pared  
His own Goliath down to a slight David:  
But thou, my manikin, wouldst soar a show  
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,  
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being  
A little less removed from present men  
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all  
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt  
A new-found mammoth; and their cursed engines,  
Their culverins, and so forth, would find way  
Through our friend's armor there, with greater ease  
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel,  
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize  
In Styx.

*Arn.* Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

*Stran.* Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou  
seest,  
And strong as what it was, and ——

*Arn.*

I ask not

For valor, since deformity is daring.  
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind  
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal —  
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is  
A spur in its halt movements, to become  
All that the others cannot, in such things  
As still are free to both, to compensate  
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.  
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,  
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.

*Stran.* Well spoken! And thou doubtless wilt  
remain

Formed as thou art. I may dismiss the mould  
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to incase  
This daring soul, which could achieve no less  
Without it.

*Arn.*

Had no power presented me

The possibility of change, I would  
Have done the best which spirit may to make  
Its way with all deformity's dull, deadly,  
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,  
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders —  
An hateful and unsightly molehill to  
The eyes of happier men. I would have looked  
On beauty in that sex which is the type  
Of all we know or dream of beautiful  
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh —  
Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,  
Though to a heart all love, what could not love me  
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,

Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne  
It all, had not my mother spurned me from her.  
The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort  
Of shape ; — my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.  
Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere  
I knew the passionate part of life, I had  
Been a clod of the valley, — happier nothing  
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,  
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage  
And perseverance could have done, perchance  
Had made me something — as it has made heroes  
Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me  
Master of my own life, and quick to quit it ;  
And he who is so is the master of  
Whatever dreads to die.

*Stran.* Decide between  
What you have been, or will be.

*Arn.* I have done so.  
You have opened brighter prospects to my eyes,  
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,  
I might be feared, admired, respected, loved  
Of all save those next to me, of whom I  
Would be beloved. As thou showest me  
A choice of forms, I take the one I view.  
Haste ! haste !

*Stran.* And what shall I wear ?  
*Arn.* Surely he  
Who can command all forms will choose the highest,  
Something superior even to that which was  
Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*  
Who slew him, that of Paris : or — still higher —

The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are  
Themselves a poetry.

*Stran.* Less will content me ;  
For I, too, love a change.

*Arn.* Your aspect is  
Dusky, but not uncomely.

*Stran.* If I chose,  
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant  
For black — it is so honest, and besides  
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear ;  
But I have worn it long enough of late,  
And now I'll take your figure.

*Arn.* Mine !

*Stran.* Yes. You  
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha,  
Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes ;  
You have yours — I mine.

*Arn.* Despatch ! despatch !

*Stran.* Even so.

[*The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it  
along the turf, and then addresses the phan-  
tom of Achilles.*

Beautiful shadow

Of Thetis's boy !

Who sleeps in the meadow

Whose grass grows o'er Troy :

From the red earth, like Adam,\*

Thy likeness I shape,

\* Adam means "red earth," from which the first man was formed.

As the being who made him,  
Whose actions I ape.

Thou clay, be all glowing,  
Till the rose in his cheek

Be as fair as, when blowing,  
It wears its first streak !

Ye violets, I scatter,  
Now turn into eyes !

And thou, sunshiny water,  
Of blood take the guise !

Let these hyacinth boughs  
Be his long flowing hair,

And wave o'er his brows,  
As thou wavest in air !

Let his heart be this marble  
I tear from the rock !

But his voice as the warble  
Of birds on yon oak !

Let his flesh be the purest  
Of mould, in which grew

The lily-root surest,

And drank the best dew !  
Let his limbs be the lightest

Which clay can compound,  
And his aspect the brightest

On earth to be found !

Elements, near me,

Be mingled and stirred,

Know me, and hear me,

And leap to my word !

Sunbeams, awaken  
This earth's animation !  
'Tis done ! He hath taken  
His stand in creation !

[*ARNOLD falls senseless ; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground ; while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.*

*Arn.* (*in his new form*). I love, and I shall be  
beloved ! Oh life !

At last I feel thee ! Glorious spirit !

*Stran.* Stop !

What shall become of your abandoned garment,  
Your hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,  
Which late you wore, or were ?

*Arn.* Who cares ? Let wolves  
And vultures take it, if they will.

*Stran.* And if  
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say  
It must be peace-time, and no better fare  
Abroad i' the fields.

*Arn.* Let us but leave it there ;  
No matter what becomes on 't.

*Stran.* That's ungracious,  
If not ungrateful. Whatsoe'er it be,  
It hath sustained your soul full many a day.

*Arn.* Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a gem  
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

*Stran.* But if I give another form, it must be



By fair exchange, not robbery. For they  
 Who make men without women's aid have long  
 Had patents for the same, and do not love  
 Your interlopers. The devil may take men,  
 Not make them,—though he reaped the benefit  
 Of the original workmanship:—and therefore  
 Some one must be found to assume the shape  
 You have quitted.

*Arn.*                                Who would do so?

*Stran.*                                That I know not,  
 And therefore I must.

*Arn.*                                You!

*Stran.*                                I said it ere  
 You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

*Arn.* True. I forget all things in the new joy  
 Of this immortal change.

*Stran.*                                In a few moments  
 I will be as you were, and you shall see  
 Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

*Arn.* I would be spared this.

*Stran.*                                But it cannot be.  
 What! shrink already, being what you are,  
 From seeing what you were?

*Arn.*                                Do as thou wilt.

*Stran.* (*to the late form of ARNOLD, extended on  
 the earth*).

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!  
 Though no man would choose thee,  
 An immortal no less  
 Deigns not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art ; and unto spirit  
All clay is of equal merit.  
Fire ! *without* which naught can live ;  
Fire ! but *in* which naught can live,  
    Save the fabled salamander,  
    Or immortal souls, which wander,  
Praying what doth not forgive,  
Howling for a drop of water,  
    Burning in a quenchless lot :  
Fire ! the only element  
    Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,  
    Save the worm which dieth not,  
    Can preserve a moment's form,  
But must with thyself be blent :  
Fire ! man's safeguard and his slaughter :  
Fire ! Creation's first-born daughter,  
    And Destruction's threatened son,  
    When heaven with the world hath done :  
Fire ! assist me to renew  
Life in what lies in my view  
    Stiff and cold !  
His resurrection rests with me and you !  
One little, marshy spark of flame —  
And he again shall seem the same ;  
    But I his spirit's place shall hold !  
[*An ignis-fatuus flits through the wood and rests  
on the brow of the body. The Stranger dis-  
appears : the body rises.*]  
*Arn.* (*in his new form*). Oh ! horrible !  
*Stran.* (*in ARNOLD's late shape*). What ! tremblest  
    thou ?

*Arn.* Not so —  
I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape  
Thou lately worst?

*Stran.* To the world of shadows.  
But let us thread the present. Whither wilt thou?

*Arn.* Must thou be my companion?

*Stran.* Wherefore not?  
Your betters keep worse company.

*Arn.* *My* betters!

*Stran.* Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new  
form:

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;  
You improve apace; — two changes in an instant,  
And you are old in the world's ways already.  
But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful  
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce  
Where shall we now be errant?

*Arn.* Where the world  
Is thickest, that I may behold it in  
Its workings.

*Stran.* That's to say, where there is war  
And woman in activity. Let's see!  
Spain — Italy — the new Atlantic world —  
Afric, with all its Moors. In very truth,  
There is small choice: the whole race are just now  
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

*Arn.* I have heard great things of Rome.

*Stran.* A goodly choice —  
And scarce a better to be found on earth,  
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;

For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion  
Of the old Vandals, are at play along  
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

*Arn.*

How

Shall we proceed?

*Stran.*

Like gallants, on good coursers.  
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,  
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.  
Our pages too!

*Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.*

*Arn.*

A noble sight!

*Stran.*

And of

A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,  
Or your Kochlini race of Araby,  
With these!

*Arn.*

The mighty steam, which volumes high  
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;  
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel  
Around their manes, as common insects swarm  
Round common steeds towards sunset.

*Stran.*

Mount, my lord:

They and I are your servitors.

*Arn.*

And these

Our dark-eyed pages — what may be their names?

*Stran.* You shall baptize them.

*Arn.*

What! in holy water?

*Stran.* Why not? The deeper sinner, better  
saint.

[demons.

*Arn.* They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be

*Stran.* True; the devil's always ugly; and your  
beauty  
Is never diabolical.

*Arn.* I'll call him  
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such  
bright

And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks  
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,  
And never found till now. And for the other  
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,  
But looks as serious though serene as night,  
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king  
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.  
And you?

*Stran.* I have ten thousand names, and twice  
As many attributes; but as I wear  
A human shape, will take a human name.

*Arn.* More human than the shape (though it was  
mine once)

I trust.

*Stran.* Then call me Cæsar.

*Arn.* Why, that name  
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne  
By the world's lords.

*Stran.* And therefore fittest for  
The devil in disguise — since so you deem me,  
Unless you call me pope instead.

*Arn.* Well, then,  
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name  
Shall be plain Arnold still.

*Cæs.* We'll add a title —  
"Count Arnold:" it hath no ungracious sound,  
And will look well upon a billet-doux.  
*Arn.* Or in an order for a battle-field.  
*Cæs. (sings).* To horse! to horse! my coal-black  
steed  
Paws the ground and snuffs the air!  
There's not a foal of Arab's breed  
More knows whom he must bear;  
On the hill he will not tire,  
Swifter as it waxes higher;  
In the marsh he will not slacken,  
On the plain be overtaken;  
In the wave he will not sink,  
Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;  
In the race he will not pant,  
In the combat he'll not faint;  
On the stones he will not stumble,  
Time nor toil shall make him humble;  
In the stall he will not stiffen,  
But be winged as a griffin,  
Only flying with his feet:  
And will not such a voyage be sweet?  
Merrily! merrily! never unsound,  
Shall our bonny black horses skim over the  
ground!  
From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!  
For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.  
[*They mount their horses, and disappear.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Camp before the Walls of Rome.*

ARNOLD and CÆSAR.

*Cæs.* You are well entered now.

*Arn.* Ay; but my path  
Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full  
Of blood.

*Cæs.* Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!  
Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight  
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,  
Late constable of France: and now to be  
Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord  
Under its emperors, and — changing sex,  
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire —  
*Lady* of the old world.

*Arn.* How *old*? What! are there  
*New* worlds?

*Cæs.* To *you*. You'll find there are such shortly,  
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;  
From one *half* of the world named a *whole* new one,  
Because you know no better than the dull  
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

*Arn.* I'll trust them.

*Cæs.* Do! They will deceive you sweetly,  
And that is better than the bitter truth.

*Arn.* Dog!

*Cæs.* Man!

*Arn.* Devil!

*Cæs.* Your obedient humble servant.

*Arn.* Say *master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,  
Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am here.

*Cæs.* And where wouldst *thou* be?

*Arn.* Oh, at peace—in peace.

*Cæs.* And where is that which is so? From the  
star

To the winding worm, all life is motion; and

In life *commotion* is the extremest point

Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes

A comet, and ~~destroying~~ as it sweeps

The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,

Living upon the death of other things,

But still, like them, must live and die, the subject

Of something which has made it live and die.

You must obey what all obey, the rule

Of fixed necessity: against her edict

Rebellion prospers not.

*Arn.* And when it prospers——

*Cæs.* 'Tis no rebellion.

*Arn.* Will it prosper now?

*Cæs.* The Bourbon hath given orders for the  
And by the dawn there will be work. [assault,

*Arn.* Alas!

And shall the city yield? I see the giant

Abode of the true God, and his true saint,

Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into

That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,



Which his blood made a badge of glory and  
 Of joy (as once of torture unto him,  
 God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

*Cæs.* 'Tis there, and shall be.

*Arn.* What?

*Cæs.* The crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.  
 Also some culverins upon the walls,  
 And harquebusses, and what not; besides  
 The men who are to kindle them to death  
 Of other men.

*Arn.* And those scarce mortal arches,  
 Pile above pile of everlasting wall,  
 The theatre where emperors and their subjects  
 (Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon  
 The battles of the monarchs of the wild  
 And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels  
 Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust  
 In the arena (as right well they might,  
 When they had left no human foe unconquered);  
 Made even the forest pay its tribute of  
 Life to their amphitheatre, as well  
 As Dacia men to die the eternal death  
 For a sole instant's pastime, and "Pass on  
 To a new gladiator!" — Must it fall?

*Cæs.* The city, or the amphitheatre?  
 The church, or one, or all? for you confound  
 Both them and me.

*Arn.* To-morrow sounds the assault  
 With the first cock-crow.

*Cæs.* Which, if it end with  
The evening's first nightingale, will be  
Something new in the annals of great sieges;  
For men must have their prey after long toil.

*Arn.* The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps  
More beautifully, than he did on Rome  
On the day Remus leapt her wall.

*Cæs.* I saw him.

*Arn.* You!

*Cæs.* Yes, sir. You forget I am or was  
Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape  
And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back  
Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head,  
And loved his laurels better as a wig  
(So history says) than as a glory.\* Thus  
The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.  
I saw your Romulus (simple as I am)  
Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,  
Because he leapt a ditch ('t was then no wall,  
Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest cement  
Was brother's blood; and if its native blood  
Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red  
As e'er 't was yellow, it will never wear  
The deep hue of the ocean and the earth,

\* [Suetonius relates of Julius Cæsar, that his baldness gave him much uneasiness, having often found himself, upon that account, exposed to the ridicule of his enemies; and that, therefore, of all the honors conferred upon him by the senate and people, there was none which he either accepted or used with so much pleasure as the right of wearing constantly a laurel crown.]

Which the great robber sons of fratricide  
Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter  
For ages.

*Arn.* But what have these done, their far  
Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,  
The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of  
Piety?

*Cæs.* And what had *they* done, whom the old  
Romans o'erswept? — Hark!

*Arn.* They are soldiers singing  
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve  
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

*Cæs.* And why should they not sing as well as  
swans?

They are black ones, to be sure.

*Arn.* So, you are learned,  
I see, too?

*Cæs.* In my grammar, certes. I  
Was educated for a monk of all times,  
And once I was well versed in the forgotten  
Etruscan letters, and — were I so minded —  
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than  
Your alphabet.

*Arn.* And wherefore do you not?

*Cæs.* It answers better to resolve the alphabet  
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,  
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,  
Philosopher, and what not, they have built  
More Babels, without new dispersion, than  
The stammering young ones of the flood's dull ooze,

Who failed and fled each other. Why? why, marry,  
Because no man could understand his neighbor.  
They are wiser now, and will not separate  
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,  
Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their  
Cabala; their best brick-work, wherewithal  
They build more ——

*Arn. (interrupting him).* Oh, thou everlasting  
sneerer!

Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems  
Softened by distance to a hymn-like cadence!  
Listen!

*Cæs.* Yes. I have heard the angels sing.

*Arn.* And demons howl.

*Cæs.* And man too. Let us listen:  
I love all music.

*Song of the Soldiers within.*

The black bands came over  
The Alps and their snow;  
With Bourbon, the rover,  
They passed the broad Po.  
We have beaten all foemen,  
We have captured a king,  
We have turned back on no men,  
And so let us sing!  
Here's the Bourbon for ever!  
Though pennyless all,  
We'll have one more endeavor  
At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we 'll gather  
At day-dawn before  
The gates, and together  
Or break or climb o'er  
The wall: on the ladder  
As mounts each firm foot,  
Our shout shall grow gladder,  
And death only be mute.  
With the Bourbon we 'll mount o'er  
The walls of old Rome,  
And who then shall count o'er  
The spoils of each dome?  
Up! up with the lily!  
And down with the keys!  
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,  
We 'll revel at ease.  
Her streets shall be gory,  
Her Tiber all red,  
And her temples so hoary  
Shall clang with our tread.  
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
The Bourbon for aye!  
Of our song bear the burden!  
And fire, fire away!  
With Spain for the vanguard,  
Our varied host comes;  
And next to the Spaniard  
Beat Germany's drums;  
And Italy's lances  
Are couched at their mother;

But our leader from France is,  
Who warred with his brother.  
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
Sans country or home,  
We'll follow the Bourbon,  
To plunder old Rome.

*Cæs.* An indifferent song  
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

*Arn.* Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here  
The general with his chiefs and men of trust. [comes  
A goodly rebel!

*Enter the Constable BOURBON* \* "*cum suis*," etc. etc.

*Phil.* How now, noble prince,  
You are not cheerful?

*Bourb.* Why should I be so?

*Phil.* Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,  
Most men would be so.

*Bourb.* If I were secure!

*Phil.* Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of  
adamant,  
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

*Bourb.* That they will falter is my least of fears.  
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for  
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites  
To marshal them on — were those hoary walls

\* [Charles of Bourbon was cousin to Francis I., and Constable of France. Being bitterly persecuted by the queen-mother for having declined the honor of her hand, and also by the king, he transferred his services to the Emperor Charles V.]

But now —

*Bourb.* True: but those walls have girded in  
great ages,

*Phil.* So let them! Wilt thou  
turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

*Bourb.* They do not menace me. I could have  
faced,

Methinks, a Sylla's menace ; but they clasp,  
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike  
hands,

And with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes  
Fascinate mine. Look there!

*Phil.* I look upon

**A lofty battlement.**

*Bourb.* And there!

*Phil.* Not even

A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,  
Sheltered by the gray parapet from some  
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might  
Practise in the cool twilight.

*Bourb.* You are blind.

*Phil.* If seeing nothing more than may be seen  
Be so.

*Bourb.* A thousand years have manned the walls  
With all their heroes, — the last Cato stands  
And tears his bowels, rather than survive  
The liberty of that I would enslave.  
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits  
From battlement to battlement.

*Phil.* Then conquer  
The walls for which he conquered, and be greater!

*Bourb.* True : so I will, or perish.

*Phil.* You can *not*.  
In such an enterprise to die is rather  
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[*Count ARNOLD and CÆSAR advance.*]

*Cæs.* And the mere men — do they too sweat  
beneath  
The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

*Bourb.* Ah!  
Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master,  
The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,  
And generous as lovely. We shall find  
Work for you both ere morning.

*Cæs.* You will find,  
So please your highness, no less for yourself.

*Bourb.* And if I do, there will not be a laborer  
More forward, hunchback!

*Cæs.* You may well say so,  
For you have seen that back — as general,  
Placed in the rear in action — but your foes  
Have never seen it.



*Bourb.*                      That's a fair retort,  
For I provoked it: — but the Bourbon's breast  
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced  
In danger's face as yours, were you the *devil*.

*Cæs.* And if I were, I might have saved myself  
The toil of coming here.

*Phil.*                                      Why so?

*Cæs.*                                      One half  
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord  
Will go to him, the other half be sent,  
More swiftly, not less surely.

*Bourb.*                                      Arnold, your  
Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his words  
As his deeds.

*Cæs.*                                      Your highness much mistakes me.  
The first snake was a flatterer — I am none;  
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

*Bourb.* You are brave, and that's enough for  
me; and quick  
In speech as sharp in action — and that's more.  
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'  
Comrade.

*Cæs.* They are but bad company, your highness:  
And worse even for their friends than foes, as being  
More permanent acquaintance.

*Phil.*                                      How now, fellow!  
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege  
Of a buffoon.

*Cæs.*                                      You mean I speak the truth.  
I'll lie — it is as easy: then you'll praise me  
For calling you a hero.

*Bourb.*

Philibert !

Let him alone ; he's brave, and ever has [shoulder  
Been first, with that swart face and mountain  
In field or storm, and patient in starvation ;  
And for his tongue, the camp is full of license,  
And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue  
Is, to my mind, far preferable to  
The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration  
Of a mere famished, sullen, grumbling slave,  
Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,  
And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,  
With which he deems him rich.

*Cæs.*

It would be well

If the earth's princes asked no more.

*Bourb.*

Be silent !

*Cæs.* Ay, but not idle. Work yourself with words !  
You have few to speak.

*Phil.*

What means the audacious prater ?

*Cæs.* To prate, like other prophets.

*Bourb.*

Philibert !

Why will you vex him ? Have we not enough  
To think on ? Arnold ! I will lead the attack  
To-morrow.

*Arn.*

I have heard as much, my lord.

*Bourb.*

And you will follow ?

*Arn.*

Since I must not lead.

*Bourb.*

'T is necessary for the further daring  
Of our too needy army, that their chief  
Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's  
First step.

*Cæs.* Upon its topmost, let us hope :  
So shall he have his full deserts.

*Bourb.* The world's  
Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.  
Through every change the seven-hilled city hath  
Retained her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars,  
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics  
Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,  
Still the world's masters. Civilized, barbarian,  
Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus  
Have been the circus of an empire. Well !  
'T was *their* turn — now 't is ours ; and let us hope  
That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

*Cæs.* No doubt, the camp's the school of civic  
rights.

What would you make of Rome ?

*Bourb.* That which it was.

*Cæs.* In Alaric's time ?

*Bourb.* No, slave ! in the first Cæsar's,  
Whose name you bear like other curs —

*Cæs.* And kings !  
'T is a great name for blood-hounds.

*Bourb.* There's a demon  
In that fierce rattlesnake thy tongue. Wilt never  
Be serious ?

*Cæs.* On the eve of battle, no ; —  
That were not soldier-like. 'T is for the general  
To be more pensive : we adventurers  
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think ?  
Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,

Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!  
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have  
To crack those walls alone.

*Bourb.* You may sneer, since  
'T is lucky for you that you fight no worse for 't.

*Cæs.* I thank you for the freedom; 't is the only  
Pay I have taken in your highness' service.

*Bourb.* Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay your-  
self.

Look on those towers; they hold my treasury:  
But Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,  
We would request your presence.

*Arn.* Prince! my service  
Is yours, as in the field.

*Bourb.* In both we prize it,  
And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.

*Cæs.* And mine?

*Bourb.* To follow glory with the Bourbon.  
Good night!

*Arn. (to CÆSAR).* Prepare our armor for the  
assault,  
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt* BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, *etc.*]

*Cæs. (solus).* Within thy tent!  
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my pres-  
ence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contained  
Thy principle of life, is aught to me  
Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!  
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!

This is the consequence of giving matter  
 The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,  
 And thinks chaotically, as it acts,  
 Ever relapsing into its first elements.  
 Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 't is  
 The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.  
 When I grow weary of it, I have business  
 Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem  
 Were made for them to look at. 'T were a jest now  
 To bring one down amongst them, and set fire  
 Unto their anthill: how the pismires then  
 Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing  
 From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth  
 One universal orison! Ha! ha! [*Exit CÆSAR.*

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## PART II.

### SCENE I.

*Before the walls of Rome.—The assault: the army  
 in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOUR-  
 BON, with a white scarf over his armor, foremost.*

*Chorus of Spirits in the air.*

#### 1.

'T is the morn, but dim and dark.  
 Whither flies the silent lark?  
 Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
 Is the day indeed begun?

Nature's eye is melancholy  
O'er the city high and holy :  
But without there is a din  
Should arouse the saints within,  
And revive the heroic ashes  
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.  
Oh ye seven hills ! awaken,  
Ere your very base be shaken !

## 2.

Hearken to the steady stamp !  
Mars is in their every tramp !  
Not a step is out of tune,  
As the tides obey the moon !  
On they march, though to self-slaughter,  
Regular as rolling water,  
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border  
Of huge moles, but keep their order,  
Breaking only rank by rank.  
Hearken to the armor's clank !  
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,  
How he glares upon the barrier :  
Look on each step of each ladder,  
As the stripes that streak an adder.

## 3.

Look upon the bristling wall,  
Manned without an interval !  
Round and round, and tier on tier,  
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,

Lit match, bell-mouthed musquetoön,  
 Gaping to be murderous soon ;  
 All the warlike gear of old,  
 Mixed with what we now behold,  
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
 Gather like a locusts' crew.  
 Shade of Remus ! 't is a time  
 Awful as thy brother's crime !  
 Christians war against Christ's shrine : —  
 Must its lot be like to thine ?

## 4.

Near — and near — and nearer still,  
 As the earthquake saps the hill,  
 First with trembling, hollow motion,  
 Like a scarce-awakened ocean,  
 Then with stronger shock and louder,  
 Till the rocks are crushed to powder, —  
 Onward sweeps the rolling host !  
 Heroes of the immortal boast !  
 Mighty chiefs ! eternal shadows !  
 First flowers of the bloody meadows  
 Which encompass Rome, the mother  
 Of a people without brother !  
 Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
 Plough the root up of your laurels ?  
 Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,  
 Weep not — *strike !* for Rome is mourning ! \*

\* Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer, and wept over the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

## 5.

Onward sweep the varied nations !  
Famine long hath dealt their rations.  
To the wall, with hate and hunger,  
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,  
On they sweep. Oh ! glorious city,  
Must thou be a theme for pity ?  
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman !  
Alaric was a gentle foeman,  
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti !  
Rouse thee, thou eternal city ;  
Rouse thee ! Rather give the torch  
With thine own hand to thy porch,  
Than behold such hosts pollute  
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

## 6.

Ah ! behold yon bleeding spectre !  
Ilion's children find no Hector ;  
Priam's offspring loved their brother ;  
Rome's great sire forgot his mother,  
When he slew his gallant twin,  
With inexpiable sin.  
See the giant shadow stride  
O'er the ramparts high and wide !  
When the first o'erleapt thy wall,  
Its foundation mourned thy fall.  
Now, though towering like a Babel,  
Who to stop his steps are able ?



Stalking o'er thy highest dome,  
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome !

## 7.

Now they reach thee in their anger :  
Fire and smoke and hellish clangor  
Are around thee, thou world's wonder !  
Death is in thy walls and under.  
Now the meeting steel first clashes,  
Downward then the ladder crashes,  
With its iron load all gleaming,  
Lying at its foot blaspheming !  
Up again ! for every warrior  
Slain, another climbs the barrier.  
Thicker grows the strife : thy ditches  
Europe's mingling gore enriches.  
Rome ! although thy wall may perish,  
Such manure thy fields will cherish,  
Making gay the harvest home ;  
But thy hearths, alas ! oh, Rome ! —  
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,  
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish !

## 8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates !  
Let not your quenched hearths be Até's !  
Yet again ye shadowy heroes,  
Yield not to these stranger Neros !  
Though the son who slew his mother  
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother :

'T was the Roman curbed the Roman ; —  
Brennus was a baffled foeman.  
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,  
Rise ! for yours are holier charters !  
Mighty gods of temples falling,  
Yet in ruin still appalling !  
Mightier founders of those altars,  
True and Christian, — strike the assaulters !  
Tiber ! Tiber ! let thy torrent  
Show even nature's self abhorrent.  
Let each breathing heart dilated  
Turn, as doth the lion baited !  
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,  
But be still the Roman's Rome !

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the foot of the wall. ARNOLD is about to plant  
his ladder.

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*Arn.* Not so, my lord.

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proud

Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

[BOURBON plants his ladder, and begins to mount.

Now, boys ! On ! on !

[A shot strikes him, and BOURBON falls.

*Cæs.* And off !

*Arn.* Eternal powers !

The host will be appalled, — but vengeance ! ven-  
geance !

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[BOURBON takes ARNOLD by the hand, and rises ;  
but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.

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Conceal my fall — all will go well — conceal it !  
Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon ;  
Let not the soldiers see it.

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You must be

Removed ; the aid of ——

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No, my gallant boy ;

Death is upon me. But what is *one* life ?  
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.  
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,  
Till they are conquerors — then do as you may.

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cross ?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword  
May serve instead : — it did the same for Bayard.\*

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time !

But I deserve it.

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A Christian "Vade in pace?"

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Those eyes are glazing which o'erlooked the world,  
And saw no equal.

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France — But hark! hark! the assault grows  
warmer — Oh!

For but an hour, a minute more of life  
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!  
You lose time — they will conquer Rome without  
thee.

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In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not  
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be  
Victorious!

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world is winning. [BOURBON *dies*.\*

\* [On the 1st of May, 1527, the Constable and his army came in sight of Rome, and the next morning commenced the attack. Bourbon wore a white vest over his armor, in order, he said, to be more conspicuous both to his friends and foes. He led on to the walls, and commenced a furious assault, which was repelled with equal violence. Seeing that his army began to waver, he seized a scaling-ladder from a soldier standing, and was in the act of ascending, when he was pierced by a musket-ball, and fell. Feeling that his wound was mortal, he desired that his

*Cæs.* (to ARNOLD). Come, count, to business.

*Arn.* True. I'll weep hereafter.

[ARNOLD covers BOURBON's body with a mantle,  
and mounts the ladder, crying

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome is ours!

*Cæs.* Good night, lord constable! thou wert a  
man.

[CÆSAR follows ARNOLD; they reach the battlement;  
ARNOLD and CÆSAR are struck down.

*Cæs.* A precious somerset! Is your countship  
injured?

*Arn.* No. [Remounts the ladder.

*Cæs.* A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!  
And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them  
down!

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it  
As though it were an altar; now his foot  
Is on it, and——What have we here?—a Roman?  
[A man falls.

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen  
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow?

*Wounded Man.* A drop of water!

*Cæs.* Blood's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

*Wounded Man.* I have died for Rome. [Dies.

*Cæs.* And so did Bourbon, in another sense.

body might be concealed from his soldiers, and instantly expired.—ROBERTSON.]

Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!  
But I must after my young charge. He is  
By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

[CÆSAR mounts the ladder; the scene closes.]

## SCENE II.

*The City. — Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.*

*Enter CÆSAR.*

Cæs. I cannot find my hero; he is mixed  
With the heroic crowd that now pursue  
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.  
What have we here? A cardinal or two  
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.  
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they doff  
Their hose as they have doffed their hats, 't would be  
A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.  
But let them fly; the crimson kennels now  
Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire  
Is of the self-same purple hue.

*Enter a Party fighting — ARNOLD at the head of the Besiegers.*

He comes,  
Hand in hand with the mild twins — Gore and Glory.  
Holla! hold, count!

Arn.

Away! they must not rally.

Stalking o'er thy highest dome,  
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

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world is winning. [BOURBON *dies*.\*

\* [On the 1st of May, 1527, the Constable and his army came in sight of Rome, and the next morning commenced the attack. Bourbon wore a white vest over his armor, in order, he said, to be more conspicuous both to his friends and foes. He led on to the walls, and commenced a furious assault, which was repelled with equal violence. Seeing that his army began to waver, he seized a scaling-ladder from a soldier standing, and was in the act of ascending, when he was pierced by a musket-ball, and fell. Feeling that his wound was mortal, he desired that his

*Cæs.* (to ARNOLD). Come, count, to business.

*Arn.* True. I'll weep hereafter.

[ARNOLD covers BOURBON's body with a mantle,  
and mounts the ladder, crying

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome is ours!

*Cæs.* Good night, lord constable! thou wert a  
man.

[CÆSAR follows ARNOLD; they reach the bat-  
tlement; ARNOLD and CÆSAR are struck  
down.

*Cæs.* A precious somerset! Is your countship  
injured?

*Arn.* No. [Remounts the ladder.

*Cæs.* A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!  
And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them  
down!

His hand is on the battlement — he grasps it  
As though it were an altar; now his foot  
Is on it, and — What have we here? — a Roman?  
[A man falls.

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen  
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow?

*Wounded Man.* A drop of water!

*Cæs.* Blood's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

*Wounded Man.* I have died for Rome. [Dies.

*Cæs.* And so did Bourbon, in another sense.

body might be concealed from his soldiers, and instantly ex-  
pired. — ROBERTSON.]

Oh these immortal men ! and their great motives !  
But I must after my young charge. He is  
By this time i' the forum. Charge ! charge !  
[CÆSAR mounts the ladder ; the scene closes.]

## SCENE II.

*The City. — Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.*

*Enter CÆSAR.*

Cæs. I cannot find my hero ; he is mixed  
With the heroic crowd that now pursue  
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.  
What have we here ? A cardinal or two  
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.  
How the old red-shanks scamper ! Could they doff  
Their hose as they have doffed their hats, 't would be  
A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.  
But let them fly ; the crimson kennels now  
Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire  
Is of the self-same purple hue.

*Enter a Party fighting — ARNOLD at the head of the Besiegers.*

He comes,  
Hand in hand with the mild twins — Gore and Glory.  
Holla ! hold, count !

Arn. Away ! they must not rally.

*Cæs.* I tell thee, be not rash ; a golden bridge  
Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee  
A form of beauty, and an  
Exemption from some maladies of body,  
But not of mind, which is not mine to give.  
But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,  
I dipt thee not in Styx ; and 'gainst a foe  
I would not warrant thy chivalric heart  
More than Pelides' heel ; why then, be cautious,  
And know thyself a mortal still.

*Arn.* And who  
With aught of soul would combat if he were  
Invulnerable ? That were pretty sport.  
Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar ?

[*ARNOLD rushes into the combat.*]

*Cæs.* A precious sample of humanity !  
Well, his blood's up ; and if a little's shed,  
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

[*ARNOLD engages with a Roman, who retires  
towards a portico.*]

*Arn.* Yield thee, slave !  
I promise quarter.

*Rom.* That's soon said.

*Arn.* And done —  
My word is known.

*Rom.* So shall be my deeds.

[*They reëngage. CÆSAR comes forward.*]

*Cæs.* Why, Arnold ! hold thine own : thou hast  
in hand  
A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor ;

Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.  
Not so, my musqueteer; 't was he who slew  
The Bourbon from the wall.

*Arn.* Ay, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

*Rom.* I yet

May live to carve your betters.

*Cæs.* Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,  
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he  
Who slays Cellini will have worked as hard  
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.\*

[*ARNOLD disarms and wounds CELLINI, but  
slightly: the latter draws a pistol, and fires;  
then retires, and disappears through the por-  
tico.*

*Cæs.* How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, me-  
thinks,

Of red Bellona's banquet.

*Arn. (staggers).* 'T is a scratch.

Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

*Cæs.* Where is it?

*Arn.* In the shoulder, not the sword arm —

\* ["Levelling my arquebuse," says Benvenuto Cellini, "I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest. I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the duke of Bourbon: he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest." — Vol. i. p. 120. This, however, is one of the many stories in Cellini's amusing autobiography which nobody credits.]

And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had  
A helm of water!

*Cæs.* That's a liquid now  
In requisition, but by no means easiest  
To come at.

*Arn.* And my thirst increases; — but  
I'll find a way to quench it.

*Cæs.* Or be quenched  
Thyself?

*Arn.* The chance is even; we will throw  
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;  
Prithee be quick. [*CÆSAR binds on the scarf.*  
And what dost thou so idly?

Why dost not strike?

*Cæs.* Your old philosophers  
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of  
The Olympic games. When I behold a prize  
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

*Arn.* Ay, 'gainst an oak.

*Cæs.* A forest, when it suits me:  
I combat with a mass, or not at all.  
Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;  
Which is just now to gaze, since all these laborers  
Will reap my harvest gratis.

*Arn.* Thou art still  
A fiend!

*Cæs.* And thou — a man.

*Arn.* Why, such I fain would show me.

*Cæs.* True — as men are.

*Arn.* And what is that?

*Cæs.* Thou feelest and thou see'st.  
[*Exit* ARNOLD, *joining in the combat which still continues between detached parties. The scene closes.*]

## SCENE III.

*St. Peter's — The Interior of the Church — The Pope at the Altar — Priests, etc. crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.*

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*A Spanish Soldier.* Down with them, comrades !  
seize upon those lamps !  
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine !  
His rosary's of gold !

*Lutheran Soldier.* Revenge ! revenge !  
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now —  
Yonder stands Anti-Christ !

*Cæs. (interposing).* How now, schismatic ?  
What would'st thou ?

*Luth. Sold.* In the holy name of Christ,  
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

*Cæs.* Yea, a disciple that would make the founder  
Of your belief renounce it, could he see  
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

*Luth. Sold.* I say he is the devil.

*Cæs.* Hush ! keep that secret,  
Lest he should recognize you for his own.



*Luth. Sold.* Why would you save him? I repeat  
he is

The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

*Cæs.* And that's the reason: would you make a  
quarrel

With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;  
His hour is not yet come.

*Luth. Sold.* That shall be seen!

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a shot  
strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards,  
and he falls at the foot of the Altar.*

*Cæs.* (*to the Lutheran*). I told you so.

*Luth. Sold.* And will you not avenge me?

*Cæs.* Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the  
Lord's:"

You see he loves no interlopers.

*Luth. Sold. (dying).* Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,

Crowned with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive

My feebleness of arm that reached him not,

And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis

A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's

No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills

Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth

And ashes! [*The Lutheran dies.*

*Cæs.* Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately,  
while the Pontiff escapes, by a private pas-  
sage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St.  
Angelo.*

*Cæs.* Ha! right nobly battled!  
Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions,  
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not  
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus  
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;  
Now they must take their turn.

*Soldiers.* He hath escaped!  
Follow!

*Another Sold.* They have barred the narrow  
passage up,  
And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

*Cæs.* I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank  
me for't

In part. I would not have his bulls abolished —  
'T were worth one half our empire: his indulgences  
Demand some in return; — no, no, he must not  
Fall; — and besides, his now escape may furnish  
A future miracle, in future proof  
Of his infallibility. [*To the Spanish Soldiery.*

Well, cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,  
There will not be a link of pious gold left.  
And *you*, too, catholics! Would ye return  
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?  
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:  
See how they strip the shrines!

*Soldiers.* By holy Peter!  
He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear  
The best away.

*Cæs.* And that were shame! Go to!  
Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse ; many quit the Church,  
others enter.*

*Cæs.* They are gone,  
And others come : so flows the wave on wave  
Of what these creatures call eternity,  
Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,  
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant  
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

*Enter OLIMPIA, flying from the pursuit—She springs  
upon the Altar.*

*Sold.* She's mine!

*Another Sold. (opposing the former).* You lie, I  
tracked her first ; and were she  
The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. [*They fight.*

*3d Sold. (advancing towards OLIMPIA).* You may  
settle

Your claims ; I'll make mine good.

*Olimp.* Infernal slave!  
You touch me not alive.

*3d Sold.* Alive or dead!

*Olimp. (embracing a massive crucifix).* Respect  
your God!

*3d Sold.* Yes, when he shines in gold.  
Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[*As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong and  
sudden effort, casts down the crucifix : it  
strikes the Soldier, who falls.*

*3d Sold.* Oh, great God!

*Olimp.* Ah! now you recognize him.

*3d Sold.* My brain's crushed!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness! [*He dies.*]

*Other Soldiers (coming up).* Slay her, although  
she had a thousand lives:

She hath killed our comrade.

*Olimp.* Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave  
Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming  
Son,

And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as  
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and  
thee!

*Enter ARNOLD.*

*Arn.* What do I see? Accursed jackals!  
Forbear!

*Ces. (aside and laughing).* Ha! ha! here's  
equity! The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

*Soldiers.* Count, she hath slain our comrade.

*Arn.* With what weapon?

*Sold.* The cross, beneath which he is crushed;  
behold him

Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it  
Upon his head.

*Arn.* Even so; there is a woman  
Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,  
Ye would have honored her. But get ye hence,

And thank your meanness, other God you have none  
 For your existence. Had you touched a hair  
 Of those dishevelled locks, I would have thinned  
 Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!  
 Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,  
 But not even these till he permits.

*A Sold. (murmuring).* The lion  
 Might conquer for himself then.

*Arn. (cuts him down).* Mutineer!  
 Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[*The Soldiers assault ARNOLD.*]

*Arn.* Come on! I'm glad on 't! I will show you,  
 slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who led you  
 First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale,  
 Until I waved my banners from its height,  
 As you are bold within it.

[*ARNOLD mows down the foremost; the rest  
 throw down their arms.*]

*Soldiers.* Mercy! mercy!

*Arn.* Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you  
 who

Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

*Soldiers.* We saw it, and we know it; yet for-  
 give

A moment's error in the heat of conquest—  
 The conquest which you led to.

*Arn.* Get you hence!  
 Hence to your quarters! you will find them fixed  
 In the Colonna palace.

*Olimp.* (*aside*). In my father's  
House! [no further need

*Arn.* (*to the Soldiers*). Leave your arms; ye have  
Of such: the city's rendered. And mark well  
You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream  
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

*Soldiers* (*deposing their arms and departing.*) We  
obey!

*Arn.* (*to OLIMPIA*). Lady, you are safe.

*Olimp.* I should be so,  
Had I a knife even; but it matters not —  
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,  
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down  
Upon destruction, shall my head be dashed,  
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

*Arn.* I wish to merit his forgiveness, and  
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

*Olimp.* No! Thou hast only sacked my native  
land, —

No injury! — and made my father's house  
A den of thieves! No injury! — this temple —  
Slippery with Roman and with holy gore.

No injury! And now thou wouldst preserve me,  
To be — but that shall never be!

[*She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe  
round her, and prepares to dash herself down  
on the side of the Altar opposite to that where*

*ARNOLD stands.*

*Arn.*

Hold! hold!

I swear.

*Olimp.* Spare thine already forfeit soul  
A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.  
I know thee.

*Arn.* No, thou know'st me not; I am not  
Of these men, though —

*Olimp.* I judge thee by thy mates;  
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.  
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;  
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me,  
And here, upon the marble of this temple,  
Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,  
I offer him a blood less holy  
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,  
A redeemed infant) than the holy water  
The saints have sanctified!

[*OLIMPIA waves her hand to ARNOLD with disdain, and dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.*

*Arn.* Eternal God!  
I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

*Cæs. (approaches).* I am here.

*Arn.* Thou! but oh, save her!

*Cæs. (assisting him to raise OLIMPIA).* She hath  
done it well!

The leap was serious.

*Arn.* Oh! she is lifeless!

*Cæs.* If

She be so, I have nought to do with that:

The resurrection is beyond me.

*Arn.* Slave!

*Cæs.* Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks  
Good words, however, are as well at times.

*Arn.* Words! — Canst thou aid her?

*Cæs.* I will try. A sprinkling  
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*]

*Arn.* 'Tis mixed with blood.

*Cæs.* There is no cleaner now  
In Rome.

*Arn.* How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!  
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,  
I love but thee!

*Cæs.* Even so Achilles loved  
Penthesilea: with his form it seems  
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

*Arn.* She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing or the  
last

Faint flutter life disputes with death.

*Cæs.* She breathes.

*Arn.* Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

*Cæs.* You do me right —  
The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's  
deemed:

He hath an ignorant audience.

*Arn.* (*without attending to him*). Yes! her heart  
beats.

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart  
I ever wished to beat with mine should vibrate  
To an assassin's pulse.

*Cæs.* A sage reflection,



But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall we bear her?

I say she lives.

*Arn.*                      And will she live?

*Cæs.*                                      As much

As dust can.

*Arn.*                      Then she is dead!

*Cæs.*                                      Bah! bah! You are so,

And do not know it. She will come to life —

Such as you think so, such as you now are;

But we must work by human means.

*Arn.*                                      We will

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,

Where I have pitched my banner.

*Cæs.* Come then! raise her up!

*Arn.* Softly!

*Cæs.*                      As softly as they bear the dead.

Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

*Arn.* But doth she live indeed?

*Cæs.*                                      Nay, never fear!

But, if you rue it after, blame not me.

*Arn.* Let her but live!

*Cæs.*                                      The spirit of her life

Is yet within her breast, and may revive.

Count! count! I am your servant in all things,

And this is a new office:— 't is not oft

I am employed in such; but you perceive

How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.

On earth you have often only fiends for friends;

Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,

The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit !  
I am almost enamoured of her, as  
Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

*Arn.* Thou !

*Cæs.* I ! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

*Arn.* Rival !

*Cæs.* I could be one right formidable ;  
But since I slew the seven husbands of  
Tobias' future bride (and after all  
Was smoked out by some incense), I have laid  
Aside intrigue : 't is rarely worth the trouble  
Of gaining, or — what is more difficult —  
Getting rid of your prize again ; for there's  
The rub ! at least to mortals.

*Arn.* Prithee, peace !  
Softly ! methinks her lips move, her eyes open !

*Cæs.* Like stars, no doubt ; for that's a metaphor  
For Lucifer and Venus.

*Arn.* To the palace  
Colonna, as I told you !

*Cæs.* Oh ! I know  
My way through Rome.

*Arn.* Now onward, onward ! Gently !

[*Exeunt, bearing OLIMPIA. The scene closes.*]

PART III.

SCENE I.

*A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.*

CHORUS.

1.

The wars are over,  
The spring is come ;  
The bride and her lover  
Have sought their home :  
They are happy, we rejoice ;  
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice !

2.

The spring is come ; the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun :  
With us she is but a winter's flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,  
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

3.

And when the spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
Her heavenly odor and virgin hues.

## 4.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their herald out of dim December —  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours;  
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget  
The virgin, virgin violet.

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*Cæs. (singing).* The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
The steed bites the bridle,  
The casque's on the wall.  
There's rest for the rover;  
But his armor is rusty,  
And the veteran grows crusty,  
As he yawns in the hall.  
He drinks — but what's drinking?  
A mere pause from thinking!  
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

## CHORUS.

But the hound bayeth loudly,  
The boar's in the wood,  
And the falcon longs proudly  
To spring from her hood:  
On the wrist of the noble  
She sits like a crest,  
And the air is in trouble  
With birds from their nest.

*Cæs.* Oh ! shadow of glory !  
 Dim image of war !  
 But the chase hath no story,  
 Her hero no star,  
 Since Nimrod, the founder  
 Of empire and chase,  
 Who made the woods wonder  
 And quake for their race ;  
 When the lion was young,  
 In the pride of his might,  
 Then 'twas sport for the strong  
 To embrace him in fight ;  
 To go forth, with a pine  
 For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,  
 Or strike through the ravine  
 At the foaming behemoth ;  
 While man was in stature  
 As towers in our time,  
 The first-born of Nature,  
 And, like her, sublime !

## CHORUS.

But the wars are over,  
 The spring is come ;  
 The bride and her lover  
 Have sought their home :  
 They are happy, and we rejoice ;  
 Let their hearts have an echo from every voice !  
*[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.]*

**WERNER ;**  
**OR,**  
**THE INHERITANCE.**  
**A TRAGEDY.**

(188)



## PREFACE.

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THE following drama is taken entirely from the "*German's Tale, Kruitznor*," published many years ago in *Lee's Canterbury Tales*; written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection.\* I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language, of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself: but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think,) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was very popular; or, at

\* [This is not correct. "The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emily's," and "the Clergyman's Tale, or Pembroke," were contributed by Sophia Lee. The "*German's Tale*," and all the others in the *Canterbury Collection*, were written by Harriet, the younger of the sisters.]



any rate, its popularity has since been eclipsed by that of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who *had* read it, agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it develops. I should also add *conception*, rather than execution; for the story might, perhaps, have been developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names: but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to his own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815, (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called "*Ulric and Ilwina*," which I had sense enough to burn,) and had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have rewritten the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape adapted, for the stage.\*

Pisa, February, 1822.

\* [Werner, however, has been produced on the stage with tolerable success since Byron's death.]

## INTRODUCTION

TO WERNER.

---

THE tragedy of "Werner" was begun at Pisa, December the 18th, 1821, completed January the 20th, 1822, and published in London in the November after. The contemporary reviews of "Werner" were, without exception, unfavorable. The critique in Blackwood begins thus:—

"Who could be so absurd as to think, that a dramatist has no right to make free with other people's fables? On the contrary, we are quite aware that that particular species of genius which is exhibited in the construction of plots, never at any period flourished in England. We all know that Shakspeare himself took his stories from Italian novels, Danish sagas, English chronicles, Plutarch's Lives — from anywhere rather than from his own invention. But did he take *the whole* of Hamlet, or Juliet, or Richard the Third, or Antony and Cleopatra, from any of these foreign

sources? Did he not *invent*, in the noblest sense of the word, all the *characters* of his pieces? Who dreams that any old Italian novelist, or ballad-maker, could have formed the imagination of such a creature as Juliet? Who dreams that the HAMLET of Shakspeare, the princely enthusiast, the melancholy philosopher, that spirit refined even to pain, that most incomprehensible and unapproachable of all the creations of human genius, is the same being, in any thing but the name, with the rough, strong-hearted, bloody-handed AMLETT of the north? Who is there that supposes Goethe to have taken the character of *his* Faust from the nursery rhymes and penny pamphlets about the Devil and Doctor Faustus? Or who, to come nearer home, imagines that Lord Byron himself found *his* Sardanapalus in Dionysius of Halicarnassus?

“But *here* Lord Byron has *invented* nothing — absolutely NOTHING. There is not one incident in his play, not even the most trivial, that is not to be found in Miss Lee’s novel, occurring exactly in the same manner, brought about by exactly the same agents, and producing exactly the same effects on the plot. And then as to the characters, — not only is every one of them to be found in ‘Kruitznér,’ but every one is to be found there more fully and powerfully developed. Indeed, but for the preparation which we had received from our old familiarity with Miss Lee’s own admirable work, we rather incline to think that we should have been

unable to comprehend the gist of her noble imitator, or rather copier, in several of what seem to be meant for his most elaborate delineations. The fact is, that this undeviating closeness, this humble fidelity of *imitation*, is a thing so perfectly new in any thing worthy of the name of *literature*, that we are sure no one, who has not read the *Canterbury Tales*, will be able to form the least conception of what it amounts to.

“Those who have never read Miss Lee’s book, will, however, be pleased with this production; for, in truth, the story is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying, that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of *the very first rank* of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of *Waverley*. It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that the *Canterbury Tales* exhibit more of that species of invention which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding.

“‘*Krutzner, or the German’s Tale*,’ possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure;

strength of characters, and admirable contrast of characters; and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with and subservient to the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is, the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son, in his turn, has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme—on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a—Murderer.”

The reader will find a minute analysis, introduced by the above remarks, in Blackwood, vol. xii. p. 710.

TO  
THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,  
BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS,  
THIS TRAGEDY  
IS DEDICATED.

(141)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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*Men.* — WERNER.  
ULRIC.  
STRALENHEIM.  
IDENSTEIN.  
GABOR.  
FRITZ.  
HENRICK.  
ERIC.  
ARNHEIM.  
MEISTER.  
RODOLPH.  
LUDWIG.

*Women.* — JOSEPHINE.  
IDA STRALENHEIM.

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*Scene* — Partly on the Frontier of Silesia, and partly in  
Siegendorf Castle, near Prague.

*Time* — the Close of the Thirty Years' War.

# WERNER.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the Northern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.*

WERNER and JOSEPHINE his wife.

*Jos.* MY love, be calmer!

*Wer.*

I am calm.

*Jos.*

To me —

Yes, but not to thyself: thy pace is hurried,  
And no one walks a chamber like to ours  
With steps like thine when his heart is at rest.  
Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,  
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower;  
But *here!*

*Wer.* 'T is chill; the tapestry lets through  
The wind to which it waves: my blood is frozen.

*Jos.* Ah, no!

*Wer. (smiling).* Why! wouldst thou have it so?



*Jos.* I would  
Have it a healthful current.

*Wer.* Let it flow  
Until 't is spilt or checked — how soon, I care not.

*Jos.* And am I nothing in thy heart?

*Wer.* All — all.

*Jos.* Then canst thou wish for that which must  
break mine?

*Wer. (approaching her slowly).* But for *thee* I had  
been — no matter what,  
But much of good and evil; what I am,  
Thou knowest; what I might or should have been,  
Thou knowest not: but still I love thee, nor  
Shall aught divide us.

[*WERNER walks on abruptly, and then approaches*  
*JOSEPHINE.*

The storm of the night  
Perhaps affects me; I'm a thing of feelings,  
And have of late been sickly, as, alas!  
Thou know'st by sufferings more than mine, my love!  
In watching me.

*Jos.* To see thee well is much —  
To see thee happy —

*Wer.* Where hast thou seen such?  
Let me be wretched with the rest!

*Jos.* But think  
How many in this hour of tempest shiver  
Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,  
Whose every drop bows them down nearer earth,  
Which hath no chamber for them save beneath  
Her surface.

*Wer.* And that's not the worst: who cares  
For chambers? rest is all. The wretches whom  
Thou namest — ay, the wind howls round them, and  
The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones  
The creeping marrow. I have been a soldier,  
A hunter, and a traveller, and am  
A beggar, and should know the thing thou talk'st of.

*Jos.* And art thou not now sheltered from them all?

*Wer.* Yes. And from these alone.

*Jos.* And that is something.

*Wer.* True — to a peasant.

*Jos.* Should the nobly born  
Be thankless for that refuge which their habits  
Of early delicacy render more  
Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb  
Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life?

*Wer.* It is not that, thou know'st it is not; we  
Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,  
Except in thee — but we have borne it.

*Jos.* Well?

*Wer.* Something beyond our outward sufferings  
(though

These were enough to gnaw into our souls)  
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever, *now*.  
When, but for this untoward sickness, which  
Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and \*

\* [In this play, Lord Byron adopts the same nerveless and pointless kind of blank verse, which was a sorrow to everybody in his former dramatic essays. It is, indeed, "most unmusical, most melancholy." — "Ofs," "tos," "ands," "fors," "bys,"

Hath wasted, not alone my strength, but means,  
 And leaves us — no! this is beyond me! \* — but  
 For this I had been happy — *thou* been happy —  
 The splendor of my rank sustained — my name —  
 My father's name — been still upheld; and, more  
 Than those —

*Jos. (abruptly).* My son — our son — our Ulric,  
 Been clasped again in these long-empty arms,  
 And all a mother's hunger satisfied.  
 Twelve years! he was but eight then: — beautiful  
 He was, and beautiful he must be now,  
 My Ulric! my adored!

*Wer.* I have been full oft  
 The chase of Fortune; now she hath o'ertaken  
 My spirit where it cannot turn at bay, —  
 Sick, poor, and lonely.

"buts," and the like, are the most common conclusions of a line; there is no ease, no flow, no harmony, "in linked sweetness long drawn out:" neither is there any thing of abrupt fiery vigor to compensate for these defects. — BLACKWOOD.]

\* [This is, indeed, beyond us. If this be poetry, then we were wrong in taking his Lordship's preface for prose. It will run on ten feet as well as the rest — (See p. 135, *anté.*)

"Some of the characters are modified  
 Or altered, a few of the names changed, and  
 One character (Ida of Stralenheim)  
 Added by myself; but in the rest the  
 Original is chiefly followed. When  
 I was young (about fourteen, I think) I  
 First read this tale, which made a deep impression  
 Upon me" —

Nor is there a line in these so lame and halting, but we could point out many in the drama as bad. — CAMPBELL.]

*Jos.* Lonely ! my dear husband ?

*Wer.* Or worse — involving all I love, in this  
Far worse than solitude. *Alone*, I had died,  
And all been over in a nameless grave.

*Jos.* And I had not outlived thee ; but pray take  
Comfort ! We have struggled long ; and they who  
strive

With Fortune win or weary her at last,  
So that they find the goal or cease to feel  
Further. Take comfort, — we shall find our boy.

*Wer.* We were in sight of him, of every thing  
Which could bring compensation for past sorrow —  
And to be baffled thus !

*Jos.* We are not baffled.

*Wer.* Are we not penniless ?

*Jos.* We ne'er were wealthy.

*Wer.* But I was born to wealth, and rank, and  
power ;

Enjoyed them, loved them, and, alas ! abused them,  
And forfeited them by my father's wrath,  
In my o'er-fervent youth ; but for the abuse  
Long sufferings have atoned. My father's death  
Left the path open, yet not without snares.  
This cold and creeping kinsman, who so long  
Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon  
The fluttering bird, hath ere this time outstept me,  
Become the master of my rights, and lord  
Of that which lifts him up to princes in  
Dominion and domain.

*Jos.* Who knows ? our son

May have returned back to his grandsire, and  
Even now uphold thy rights for thee?

*Wer.*

"Tis hopeless.

Since his strange disappearance from my father's,  
Entailing, as it were, my sins upon  
Himself, no tidings have revealed his course.  
I parted with him to his grandsire, on  
The promise that his anger would stop short  
Of the third generation; but Heaven seems  
To claim her stern prerogative, and visit  
Upon my boy his father's faults and follies.

*Jos.* I must hope better still, — at least we have yet  
Baffled the long pursuit of Stralenheim.

*Wer.* We should have done, but for this fatal  
sickness;

More fatal than a mortal malady,  
Because it takes not life, but life's sole solace:  
Even now I feel my spirit girt about  
By the snares of this avaricious fiend; —  
How do I know he hath not tracked us here?

*Jos.* He does not know thy person; and his spies,  
Who so long watched thee, have been left at Ham-  
burgh.

Our unexpected journey, and this change  
Of name, leaves all discovery far behind:  
None hold us here for aught save what we seem.

*Wer.* Save what we seem! save what we *are* —  
sick beggars,

Even to our very hopes. — Ha! ha!

*Jos.*

Alas!

That bitter laugh!

*Wer.* *Who* would read in this form  
The high soul of the son of a long line?  
*Who*, in this garb, the heir of princely lands?  
*Who*, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride  
Of rank and ancestry? In this worn cheek  
And famine-hollowed brow, the lord of halls  
Which daily feast a thousand vassals?

*Jos.* *You*  
Pondered not thus upon these worldly things,  
My Werner! when you deigned to choose for bride  
The foreign daughter of a wandering exile.

*Wer.* An exile's daughter with an outcast son  
Were a fit marriage; but I still had hopes  
To lift thee to the state we both were born for.  
Your father's house was noble, though decayed;  
And worthy by its birth to match with ours.

*Jos.* Your father did not think so, though 't was  
noble;  
But had my birth been all my claim to match  
With thee, I should have deemed it what it is.

*Wer.* And what is that in thine eyes?

*Jos.* *All* which it  
Has done in our behalf, — nothing.

*Wer.* *How*, — nothing?

*Jos.* Or worse; for it has been a canker in  
Thy heart from the beginning: but for this,  
We had not felt our poverty but as  
Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;  
But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,  
Thou mightst have earned thy bread, as thousands  
earn it;

Or, if that seem too humble, tried by commerce,  
Or other civic means, to amend thy fortunes.

*Wer. (ironically).* And been an Hanseatic burgher?  
Excellent!

*Jos.* Whate'er thou mightst have been, to me  
thou art

What no state high or low can ever change,  
My heart's first choice; — which chose thee, know-  
ing neither

Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought, save thy  
sorrows:

While they last, let me comfort or divide them;  
When they end, let mine end with them, or thee!\*

*Wer.* My better angel! such I have ever found  
thee;

This rashness, or this weakness of my temper,  
Ne'er raised a thought to injure thee or thine.  
Thou didst not mar my fortunes: my own nature  
In youth was such as to unmake an empire,  
Had such been my inheritance; but now,  
Chastened, subdued, out-worn, and taught to know  
Myself, — to lose this for our son and thee!  
Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth spring,  
My father barred me from my father's house,

\* [Werner's wife, Josephine, with the exception of Ida, the only female in the drama, is an example of true and spotless virtue. A true woman, she not only well maintains the character of her sex by general integrity, but equally displays the endearing, soft, and unshaken affection of a wife; cherishing and comforting a suffering husband throughout all the adversities of his fate, and all the errors of his own conduct. — MONTHLY REV.]

The last sole scion of a thousand sires,  
(For I was then the last,) it hurt me less  
Than to behold my boy and my boy's mother  
Excluded in their innocence from what  
My faults deserved — exclusion ; although then  
My passions were all living serpents, and  
Twined like the gorgon's round me.

[*A loud knocking is heard.*]

*Jos.*

Hark !

*Wer.*

A knocking !

*Jos.* Who can it be at this lone hour ? We have  
Few visitors.

*Wer.* And poverty hath none,  
Save those who come to make it poorer still.  
Well, I am prepared.

[*WERNER puts his hand into his bosom, as if  
to search for some weapon.*]

*Jos.*

Oh ! do not look so. I

Will to the door. It cannot be of import  
In this lone spot of wintry desolation : —  
The very desert saves man from mankind.

[*She goes to the door.*]

*Enter IDENSTEIN.\**

*Iden.* A fair good evening to my fairer hostess  
And worthy — What's your name, my friend ?

\* [The most amusing fellow in the drama is Monsieur Idenstein ; who makes the finest speech, too, beyond comparison, of any of the personages. The only wonder is, where he got it. —  
ECL. REV.]



*Wer.* Are you  
Not afraid to demand it?

*Iden.* Not afraid?  
Egad! I am afraid. You look as if  
I asked for something better than your name,  
By the face you put on it.

*Wer.* Better, sir!  
*Iden.* Better or worse, like matrimony: what  
Shall I say more? You have been a guest this month  
Here in the prince's palace — (to be sure,  
His highness had resigned it to the ghosts  
And rats these twelve years — but 't is still a pal-  
ace) —

I say you have been our lodger, and as yet  
We do not know your name.

*Wer.* My name is Werner.

*Iden.* A goodly name, a very worthy name  
As e'er was gilt upon a trader's board:  
I have a cousin in the lazaretto  
Of Hamburg, who has got a wife who bore  
The same. He is an officer of trust,  
Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon),  
And has done miracles i' the way of business.  
Perhaps you are related to my relative?

*Wer.* To yours?

*Jos.* Oh, yes; we are, but distantly.  
[*Aside to WERNER.*

Cannot you humor the dull gossip till  
We learn his purpose?

*Iden.* Well, I am glad of that;

I thought so all along, such natural yearnings  
Played round my heart:— blood is not water,  
cousin ;

And so let's have some wine, and drink unto  
Our better acquaintance : relatives should be  
Friends.

*Wer.* You appear to have drank enough already ;  
And if you had not, I've no wine to offer,  
Else it were yours : but this you know, or should  
know :

You see I am poor, and sick, and will not see  
That I would be alone ; but to your business !  
What brings you here ?

*Iden.* Why, what should bring me here ?

*Wer.* I know not, though I think that I could  
guess

That which will send you hence.

*Jos. (aside).* Patience, dear Werner !

*Iden.* You don't know what has happened, then ?

*Jos.* How should we ?

*Iden.* The river has o'erflowed.

*Jos.* Alas ! we have known

That to our sorrow for these five days ; since  
It keeps us here.

*Iden.* But what you don't know is,  
That a great personage, who fain would cross  
Against the stream and three postilions' wishes,  
Is drowned below the ford, with five post-horses,  
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

*Jos.* Poor creatures ! are you sure ?

*Iden.* Yes, of the monkey,  
And the valet, and the cattle ; but as yet  
We know not if his excellency's dead  
Or no ; your noblemen are hard to drown,  
As it is fit that men in office should be ;  
But what is certain is, that he has swallowed  
Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants ;  
And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,  
Who, at their proper peril, snatched him from  
The whirling river, have sent on to crave  
A lodging, or a grave, according as  
It may turn out with the live or dead body.

*Jos.* And where will you receive him ? here, I  
hope,  
If we can be of service — say the word.

*Iden.* Here ? no ; but in the prince's own apartment,  
As fits a noble guest : — 'tis damp, no doubt,  
Not having been inhabited these twelve years ;  
But then he comes from a much damper place,  
So scarcely will catch cold in 't, if he be  
Still liable to cold — and if not, why  
He'll be worse lodged to-morrow : ne'ertheless,  
I have ordered fire and all appliances  
To be got ready for the worst — that is,  
In case he should survive.

*Jos.* Poor gentleman !  
I hope he will, with all my heart.

*Wer.* Intendant,  
Have you not learned his name? My Josephine,  
[*Aside to his wife.*  
*Retire:* I'll sift this fool. [*Exit JOSEPHINE.*

*Iden.* His name? oh Lord!  
Who knows if he hath now a name or no?  
'Tis time enough to ask it when he's able  
To give an answer; or if not, to put  
His heir's upon his epitaph. Methought  
Just now you chid me for demanding names?

*Wer.* True, true, I did so; you say well and  
wisely.

*Enter GABOR.*

*Gab.* If I intrude, I crave ——

*Iden.* Oh, no intrusion!  
This is the palace; this a stranger like  
Yourself; I pray you make yourself at home:  
But where's his excellency? and how fares he?

*Gab.* Wetly and wearily, but out of peril:  
He paused to change his garments in a cottage,  
(Where I doffed mine for these, and came on  
hither)

And has almost recovered from his drenching.  
He will be here anon.

*Iden.* What ho, there! bustle!  
Without there, Herman, Weilburg, Peter, Conrad!  
[*Gives directions to different servants who enter.*  
A nobleman sleeps here to-night — see that  
All is in order in the damask chamber —

Keep up the stove — I will myself to the cellar —  
And Madame Idenstein (my consort, stranger,)  
Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel ; for,  
To say the truth, they are marvellous scant of this  
Within the palace precincts, since his highness  
Left it some dozen years ago. And then  
His excellency will sup, doubtless ?

*Gab.*

Faith !

I cannot tell ; but I should think the pillow  
Would please him better than the table after  
His soaking in your river : but for fear  
Your viands should be thrown away, I mean  
To sup myself, and have a friend without  
Who will do honor to your good cheer with  
A traveller's appetite.

*Iden.*

But are you sure

His excellency — But his name : what is it ?

*Gab.* I do not know.

*Iden.*

And yet you saved his life.

*Gab.* I helped my friend to do so.

*Iden.*

Well, that's strange,

To save a man's life whom you do not know.

*Gab.* Not so ; for there are some I know so well,  
I scarce should give myself the trouble.

*Iden.*

Pray,

Good friend, and who may you be ?

*Gab.*

By my family,

Hungarian.

*Iden.*

Which is called ?

*Gab.*

It matters little.

*Iden. (aside).* I think that all the world are  
grown anonymous,  
Since no one cares to tell me what he's called!  
Pray, has his excellency a large suite?

*Gab.* Sufficient.

*Iden.* How many?

*Gab.* I did not count them.

We came up by mere accident, and just  
In time to drag him through his carriage window.

*Iden.* Well, what would I give to save a great man!  
No doubt you'll have a swinging sum as recompense.

*Gab.* Perhaps.

*Iden.* Now, how much do you reckon on?

*Gab.* I have not yet put up myself to sale:  
In the mean time, my best reward would be  
A glass of your Hockcheimer — a *green* glass,  
Wreathed with rich grapes and Bacchanal devices,  
O'erflowing with the oldest of your vintage;  
For which I promise you, in case you e'er  
Run hazard of being drowned, (although I own  
It seems, of all deaths, the least likely for you,)  
I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my friend,  
And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,  
A wave the less may roll above your head.

*Iden. (aside).* I don't much like this fellow —  
close and dry  
He seems, two things which suit me not; however  
Wine he shall have; if that unlocks him not,  
I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN.*]

*Gab.* (to WERNER). This master of the ceremonies is

The intendant of the palace, I presume:

"Tis a fine building, but decayed.

*Wer.* The apartment  
Designed for him you rescued will be found  
In fitter order for a sickly guest.

*Gab.* I wonder then you occupied it not,  
For you seem delicate in health.

*Wer.* (*quickly*). Sir!

*Gab.* Pray  
Excuse me: have I said aught to offend you?

*Wer.* Nothing: but we are strangers to each other.

*Gab.* And that's the reason I would have us  
less so:

I thought our bustling guest without had said  
You were a chance and passing guest, the counterpart  
Of me and my companions.

*Wer.* Very true.

*Gab.* Then, as we never met before, and never,  
It may be, may again encounter, why,  
I thought to cheer up this old dungeon here  
(At least to me) by asking you to share  
The fare of my companions and myself.

*Wer.* Pray, pardon me; my health —

*Gab.* Even as you please.  
I have been a soldier, and perhaps am blunt  
In bearing.

*Wer.* I have also served, and can  
Requite a soldier's greeting.

*Gab.* In what service?  
The Imperial?

*Wer.* (*quickly, and then interrupting himself*). I  
commanded — no — I mean  
I served; but it is many years ago,  
When first Bohemia raised her banner 'gainst  
The Austrian.

*Gab.* Well, that's over now, and peace  
Has turned some thousand gallant hearts adrift  
To live as they best may; and, to say truth,  
Some take the shortest.

*Wer.* What is that?

*Gab.* Whate'er  
They lay their hands on. All Silesia and  
Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands  
Of the late troops, who levy on the country  
Their maintenance: the Chatelains must keep  
Their castle walls — beyond them 'tis but doubtful  
Travel for your rich count or full-blown baron.  
My comfort is that, wander where I may,  
I've little left to lose now.

*Wer.* And I — nothing.

*Gab.* That's harder still. You say you were a  
soldier.

*Wer.* I was.

*Gab.* You look one still. All soldiers are  
Or should be comrades, even though enemies.  
Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim  
(While levelled) at each other's hearts; but when  
A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits



The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep  
The spark which lights the matchlock, we are  
brethren.

You are poor and sickly — I am not rich but healthy;  
I want for nothing which I cannot want;  
You seem devoid of this — wilt share it?

[GABOR pulls out his purse.

Wer.

Who

Told you I was a beggar?

Gab.

You yourself,

In saying you were a soldier during peace-time.

Wer. (*looking at him with suspicion*). You know  
me not?

Gab.

I know no man, not even

Myself: how should I then know one I ne'er

Beheld till half an hour since?

Wer.

Sir, I thank you.

Your offer's noble were it to a friend,

And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,

Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank you.

I am a beggar in all save his trade;

And when I beg of any one, it shall be

Of him who was the first to offer what

Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.

[Exit WERNER.

Gab. (*solus*). A goodly fellow by his looks, though  
worn,

As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,

Which tear life out of us before our time;

I scarce know which most quickly: but he seems

To have seen better days, as who has not  
Who has seen yesterday? — But here approaches  
Our sage intendant, with the wine: however,  
For the cup's sake I'll bear the cupbearer.

*Enter IDENSTEIN.*

*Iden.* 'Tis here! the supernaculum! twenty years  
Of age, if 'tis a day.

*Gab.* Which epoch makes  
Young women and old wine; and 'tis great pity,  
Of two such excellent things, increase of years,  
Which still improves the one, should spoil the other.  
Fill full — Here's to our hostess! — your fair wife!

*[Takes the glass.]*

*Iden.* Fair! — Well, I trust your taste in wine is  
equal  
To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you  
Nevertheless.

*Gab.* Is not the lovely woman  
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with  
An air, and port, and eye, which would have better  
Beseemed this palace in its brightest days  
(Though in a garb adapted to its present  
Abandonment), returned my salutation —  
Is not the same your spouse?

*Iden.* I would she were!  
But you're mistaken: — that's the stranger's wife.

*Gab.* And by her aspect she might be a prince's:  
Though time hath touched her too, she still retains  
Much beauty, and more majesty.

*Iden.* And that  
Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein,  
At least in beauty: as for majesty,  
She has some of its properties which might  
Be spared — but never mind!

*Gab.* I don't. But who  
May be this stranger? He too hath a bearing  
Above his outward fortunes.

*Iden.* There I differ.  
He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but  
Who he may be, or what, or aught of him,  
Except his name (and that I only learned  
To-night), I know not.

*Gab.* But how came he here?

*Iden.* In a most miserable old caleche,  
About a month since, and immediately  
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have died.

*Gab.* Tender and true! — but why?

*Iden.* Why, what is life  
Without a living? He has not a stiver.

*Gab.* In that case, I much wonder that a person  
Of your apparent prudence should admit  
Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion.

*Iden.* That's true; but pity, as you know, *does*  
make  
One's heart commit these follies; and besides,  
They had some valuables left at that time,  
Which paid their way up to the present hour;  
And so I thought they might as well be lodged  
Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them

The run of some of the oldest palace rooms.  
They served to air them, at the least as long  
As they could pay for fire-wood.

*Gab.* Poor souls!

*Iden.* Ay,

Exceeding poor.

*Gab.* And yet unused to poverty,  
If I mistake not. Whither were they going?

*Iden.* Oh! Heaven knows where, unless to  
heaven itself.

Some days ago that looked the likeliest journey  
For Werner.

*Gab.* Werner! I have heard the name:  
But it may be a feigned one.

*Iden.* Like enough!  
But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and  
A blaze of torches from without. As sure  
As destiny, his excellency's come.  
I must be at my post: will you not join me,  
To help him from his carriage, and present  
Your humble duty at the door?

*Gab.* I dragged him  
From out that carriage when he would have given  
His barony or county to repel  
The rushing river from his gurgling throat.  
He has valets now enough: they stood aloof then,  
Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,  
All roaring "Help!" but offering none; and as  
For *duty* (as you call it) — I did mine *then*,  
Now do *yours*. Hence, and bow and cringe him here!

*Iden.* I cringe! — but I shall lose the opportunity —  
Plague take it! he'll be *here*, and I *not there*!

[*Exit IDENSTEIN hastily.*]

*Reënter WERNER.*

*Wer. (to himself).* I heard a noise of wheels and  
voices. How

All sounds now jar me!

Still here! Is he not [Perceiving GABOR.

A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer

So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore

The aspect of a secret enemy;

For friends are slow at such.

*Gab.*

Sir, you seem rapt;

And yet the time is not akin to thought,

These old walls will be noisy soon. The baron,

Or count (or whatsoe'er this half-drowned noble

May be), for whom this desolate village and

Its lone inhabitants show more respect

Than did the elements, is come.

*Iden. (without).*

This way —

This way, your excellency: — have a care,

The staircase is a little gloomy, and

Somewhat decayed; but if we had expected

So high a guest — Pray take my arm, my lord!

*Enter STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and Attendants —  
partly his own, and partly Retainers of the Domain  
of which IDENSTEIN is Intendant.*

*Stral.* I'll rest me here a moment.

*Iden. (to the servants).* Ho! a chair!  
Instantly, knaves! [*STRALENHEIM sits down.*]

*Wer. (aside).* 'T is he!

*Stral.* I'm better now.

Who are these strangers?

*Iden.* Please you, my good lord,  
One says he is no stranger.

*Wer. (aloud and hastily).* Who says that?

[*They look at him with surprise.*]

*Iden.* Why, no one spoke of you or to you! — but  
Here's one his excellency may be pleased  
To recognize. [*Pointing to GABOR.*]

*Gab.* I seek not to disturb  
His noble memory.

*Stral.* I apprehend  
This is one of the strangers to whose aid  
I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?  
[*Pointing to WERNER.*]

My state when I was succored must excuse  
My uncertainty to whom I owe so much.

*Iden.* He! — no, my lord! he rather wants for  
rescue

Than can afford it. 'T is a poor sick man,  
Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed  
From whence he never dreamed to rise.

*Stral.* Methought  
That there were two.

*Gab.* There were, in company;  
But, in the service rendered to your lordship,  
I needs must say but *one*, and he is absent.

The chief part of whatever aid was rendered  
Was *his*: it was his fortune to be first.  
My will was not inferior, but his strength  
And youth outstripped me; therefore do not waste  
Your thanks on me. I was but a glad second  
Unto a nobler principal.

*Stral.* Where is he?

*An Atten.* My lord, he tarried in the cottage where  
Your excellency rested for an hour,  
And said he would be here to-morrow.

*Stral.* Till

That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks,  
And then ——

*Gab.* I seek no more, and scarce deserve  
So much. My comrade may speak for himself.

*Stral.* (*fixing his eyes upon WERNER: then aside*).  
It cannot be! and yet he must be looked to.  
'Tis twenty years since I beheld him with  
These eyes; and, though my agents still have kept  
*Theirs* on him, policy has held aloof  
My own from his, not to alarm him into  
Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave  
At Hamburgh those who would have made assurance  
If this be he or no? I thought, ere now,  
To have been lord of Siegendorf, and parted  
In haste, though even the elements appear  
To fight against me, and this sudden flood  
May keep me prisoner here till ——

[*He pauses, and looks at WERNER; then resumes.*

This man must

Be watched. If it is he, he is so changed,  
His father, rising from his grave again,  
Would pass him by unknown. I must be wary:  
An error would spoil all.

*Iden.* Your lordship seems  
Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?

*Stral.* 'Tis past fatigue which gives my weighed-  
down spirit

An outward show of thought. I will to rest.

*Iden.* The prince's chamber is prepared, with all  
The very furniture the prince used when  
Last here, in its full splendor.

*(Aside).* Somewhat tattered,  
And devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-light;  
And that's enough for your right noble blood  
Of twenty quarterings upon a hatchment;  
So let their bearer sleep 'neath something like one  
Now, as he one day will forever lie.

*Stral. (rising and turning to GABOR).* Good  
night, good people! Sir, I trust to-morrow  
Will find me apter to requite your service.  
In the mean time I crave your company  
A moment in my chamber.

*Gab.* I attend you.

*Stral. (after a few steps, pauses, and calls WER-  
NER).* Friend!

*Wer.* Sir!

*Iden. Sir!* Lord — oh Lord! Why don't you say  
His lordship, or his excellency? Pray  
My lord, excuse this poor man's want of breeding:



He hath not been accustomed to admission  
To such a presence.

*Stral.* (to IDENSTEIN). Peace, intendant!

*Iden.*

Oh!

I am dumb.

*Stral.* (to WERNER). Have you been long here?

*Wer.* Long?

*Stral.* I sought

An answer, not an echo.

*Wer.* You may seek

Both from the walls. I am not used to answer  
Those whom I know not.

*Stral.*

Indeed! Ne'er the less,

You might reply with courtesy to what  
Is asked in kindness.

*Wer.*

When I know it such,

I will requite — that is, *reply* — in unison.

*Stral.* The intendant said, you had been detained  
by sickness —

If I could aid you — journeying the same way?

*Wer.* (*quickly*). I am not journeying the same  
way!

*Stral.*

How know ye

That, ere you know my route?

*Wer.*

Because there is

But one way that the rich and poor must tread  
Together. You diverged from that dread path  
Some hours ago, and I some days: henceforth  
Our roads must lie asunder, though they tend  
All to one home.

*Stral.* Your language is above  
Your station.

*Wer. (bitterly).* Is it?

*Stral.* Or, at least, beyond  
Your garb.

*Wer.* 'Tis well that it is not beneath it,  
As sometimes happens to the better clad.  
But, in a word, what would you with me?

*Stral. (startled).* I?

*Wer.* Yes — you! You know me not, and ques-  
tion me,

And wonder that I answer not — not knowing  
My inquisitor. Explain what you would have,  
And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me.

*Stral.* I knew not that you had reasons for  
reserve.

*Wer.* Many have such: — Have you none?

*Stral.* None which can  
Interest a mere stranger.

*Wer.* Then forgive  
The same unknown and humble stranger, if  
He wishes to remain so to the man  
Who can have nought in common with him.

*Stral.* Sir,  
I will not balk your humor, though untoward:  
I only meant you service — but good night!  
Intendant, show the way! (*to GABOR*), Sir, you  
will with me?

[*Exeunt STRALENHEIM and attendants; IDEN-  
STEIN and GABOR.*]

*Wer. (solus).* 'Tis he! I am taken in the toils.  
Before

I quitted Hamburgh, Giulio, his late steward,  
Informed me that he had obtained an order  
From Brandenburg's elector, for the arrest  
Of Kruitznér (such the name I then bore) when  
I came upon the frontier; the free city  
Alone preserved my freedom — till I left  
Its walls — fool that I was to quit them! But  
I deemed this humble garb, and route obscure,  
Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit.  
What's to be done? He knows me not by person;  
Nor could aught, save the eye of apprehension,  
Have recognized *him*, after twenty years,  
We met so rarely and so coldly in  
Our youth. But those about him! Now I can  
Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who  
No doubt is a mere tool and spy of Stralenheim's,  
To sound and to secure me. Without means!  
Sick, poor — begirt too with the flooding rivers,  
Impassable even to the wealthy, with  
All the appliances which purchase modes  
Of overpowering peril with men's lives, —  
How can I hope! An hour ago methought  
My state beyond despair; and now, 't is such,  
The past seems paradise. Another day,  
And I'm detected, — on the very eve  
Of honors, rights, and my inheritance,  
When a few drops of gold might save me still  
In favoring an escape.

*Enter IDENSTEIN and FRITZ in conversation.*

*Fritz.* Immediately.

*Iden.* I tell you, 'tis impossible.

*Fritz.* It must

Be tried, however; and if one express  
Fail, you must send on others, till the answer  
Arrives from Frankfort, from the commandant.

*Iden.* I will do what I can.

*Fritz.* And recollect  
To spare no trouble; you will be repaid  
Tenfold.

*Iden.* The baron is retired to rest?

*Fritz.* He hath thrown himself into an easy chair  
Beside the fire, and slumbers; and has ordered  
He may not be disturbed until eleven,  
When he will take himself to bed.

*Iden.* Before  
An hour is past I'll do my best to serve him.

*Fritz.* Remember! [*Exit FRITZ.*]

*Iden.* The devil take these great men! they  
Think all things made for them. Now here must I  
Rouse up some half a dozen shivering vassals  
From their scant pallets, and, at peril of  
Their lives, despatch them o'er the river towards  
Frankfort. Methinks the baron's own experience  
Some hours ago might teach him fellow-feeling:  
But no, "it *must*," and there's an end. How now?  
Are you there, Mynheer Werner?

*Wer.* You have left  
Your noble guest right quickly.

*Iden.* Yes — he's dozing,  
And seems to like that none should sleep besides.  
Here is a packet for the commandant  
Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;  
But I must not lose time: Good night! [*Exit IDEN.*]

*Wer.* "To Frankfort!"  
So, so, it thickens! Ay, "the commandant."  
This tallies well with all the prior steps  
Of this cool, calculating fiend, who walks  
Between me and my father's house. No doubt  
He writes for a detachment to convey me  
Into some secret fortress. — Sooner than  
This —

[*WERNER looks around, and snatches up a knife  
lying on a table in a recess.*]

Now I am master of myself at least.  
Hark, — footsteps! How do I know that Stralenheim  
Will wait for even the show of that authority  
Which is to overshadow usurpation?  
That he suspects me's certain. I'm alone;  
He with a numerous train. I weak; he strong  
In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.  
I nameless, or involving in my name  
Destruction, till I reach my own domain;  
He full-blown with his titles, which impose  
Still further on these obscure petty burghers  
Than they could do elsewhere. Hark! nearer still!  
I'll to the secret passage, which communicates  
With the — No! all is silent — 't was my fancy! —  
Still as the breathless interval between

The flash and thunder : — I must hush my soul  
Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,  
To see if still be unexplored the passage  
I wot of: it will serve me as a den  
Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst.

[WERNER draws a panel, and exit, closing it  
after him.

*Enter GABOR and JOSEPHINE.*

*Gab.* Where is your husband?

*Jos.* *Here, I thought: I left him.*

Not long since in his chamber. But these rooms  
Have many outlets, and he may be gone  
To accompany the intendant.

*Gab.* *Baron Stralenheim*  
Put many questions to the intendant on  
The subject of your lord, and, to be plain,  
I have my doubts if he means well.

*Jos.* *Alas!*

What can there be in common with the proud  
And wealthy baron, and the unknown Werner?

*Gab.* That you know best.

*Jos.* *Or, if it were so, how*  
Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,  
Rather than that of him whose life you saved?

*Gab.* I helped to save him, as in peril; but  
I did not pledge myself to serve him in  
Oppression. I know well these nobles, and  
Their thousand modes of trampling on the poor.  
I have proved them; and my spirit boils up when

I find them practising against the weak :—  
This is my only motive.

*Jos.* It would be  
Not easy to persuade my consort of  
Your good intentions.

*Gab.* Is he so suspicious?

*Jos.* He was not once; but time and troubles have  
Made him what you beheld.

*Gab.* I'm sorry for it.  
Suspicion is a heavy armor, and  
With its own weight impedes more than protects.  
Good night! I trust to meet with him at daybreak.  
[*Exit GABOR.*]

*Reënter IDENSTEIN and some Peasants. JOSEPHINE  
retires up the Hall.*

*First Peasant.* But if I'm drowned?

*Iden.* Why, you will be well paid for't,  
And have risked more than drowning for as much,  
I doubt not.

*Second Peasant.* But our wives and families?

*Iden.* Cannot be worse off than they are, and may  
Be better.

*Third Peasant.* I have neither, and will venture.

*Iden.* That's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be  
A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks  
In the prince's body-guard — if you succeed;  
And you shall have besides, in sparkling coin,  
Two thalers.

*Third Peasant.* No more!

*Iden.* . Out upon your avarice !  
Can that low vice alloy so much ambition ?  
I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in  
Small change will subdivide into a treasure.  
Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily  
Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler ?  
When had you half the sum ?

*Third Peasant.* Never — but ne'er  
The less I must have three.

*Iden.* Have you forgot  
Whose vassal you were born, knave ?

*Third Peasant.* No — the prince's,  
And not the stranger's.

*Iden.* Sirrah ! in the prince's  
Absence, I'm sovereign ; and the baron is  
My intimate connection ; — " Cousin Idenstein !  
(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains."  
And so, you villains ! troop — march — march, I say ;  
And if a single dog's-ear of this packet  
Be sprinkled by the Oder — look to it !  
For every page of paper, shall a hide  
Of yours be stretched as parchment on a drum,  
Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all  
Refractory vassals, who can not effect  
Impossibilities — Away, ye earth worms !

[*Exit, driving them out.*]

*Jos. (coming forward).* I fain would shun these  
scenes, too oft repeated,  
Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims ;  
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.



Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,  
The dimmest in the district's map, exist  
The insolence of wealth in poverty  
O'er something poorer still — the pride of rank  
In servitude, o'er something still more servile ;  
And vice in misery affecting still  
A tattered splendor. What a state of being !  
In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,  
Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,  
Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such  
As these ; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys  
Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb  
Was in itself a meal, and every vine  
Rained, as it were, the beverage which makes glad  
The heart of man ; and the ne'er unfelt sun  
(But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving  
His warmth behind in memory of his beams)  
Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less  
Oppressive than an emperor's jewelled purple.  
But, here ! the despots of the north appear  
To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,  
Searching the shivering vassal through his rags,  
To wring his soul — as the bleak elements  
His form. And 't is to be amongst these sovereigns  
My husband pants ! and such his pride of birth —  
That twenty years of usage, such as no  
Father born in a humble state could nerve  
His soul to persecute a son withal,  
Hath changed no atom of his early nature ;  
But I, born nobly also, from my father's

Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father!  
May thy long-tried and now rewarded spirit  
Look down on us and our so long desired  
Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me!  
What's that? Thou, Werner! can it be? and thus?

*Enter WERNER hastily, with the knife in his hand, by the secret panel, which he closes hurriedly after him.*

Wer. (not at first recognizing her). Discovered!  
then I'll stab —— (recognizing her.)

Ah! Josephine,

Why art thou not at rest?

Jos.

What rest? My God!

What doth this mean?

Wer. (showing a rouleau). Here's gold — gold,  
Josephine,

Will rescue us from this detested dungeon.

Jos. And how obtained? — that knife!

Wer.

'T is bloodless — yet.

Away — we must to our chamber.

Jos.

But whence comest thou?

Wer. Ask not! but let us think where we shall  
go —

This — this will make us way — (showing the gold) —

I'll fit them now.

Jos. I dare not think thee guilty of dishonor.

Wer. Dishonor!

Jos.

I have said it.

Wer.

Let us hence:

'T is the last night, I trust, that we need pass here.

*Jos.* And not the worst, I hope.

*Wer.* Hope! I make *sure*.  
But let us to our chamber.

*Jos.* Yet one question —  
What hast thou *done*?

*Wer. (fiercely).* Left one thing *undone*, which  
Had made all well: let me not think of it!  
Away!

*Jos.* Alas, that I should doubt of thee! [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

*A Hall in the same Palace.*

*Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.*

*Iden.* Fine doings! goodly doings! honest doings!  
A baron pillaged in a prince's palace!

Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was heard of.

*Fritz.* It hardly could, unless the rats despoiled  
The mice of a few shreds of tapestry.

*Iden.* Oh! that I e'er should live to see this day!  
The honor of our city's gone for ever.

*Fritz.* Well, but now to discover the delinquent.  
The baron is determined not to lose  
This sum without a search.

*Iden.* And so am I.

*Fritz.* But whom do you suspect?

*Iden.* Suspect! all people  
Without — within — above — below — Heaven help  
me!

*Fritz.* Is there no other entrance to the chamber?

*Iden.* None whatsoever.

*Fritz.* Are you sure of that?

*Iden.* Certain. I have lived and served here since  
my birth,

And if there were such, must have heard of such,  
Or seen it.

*Fritz.* Then it must be some one who  
Had access to the antechamber.

*Iden.* Doubtless.

*Fritz.* The man called *Werner's* poor!

*Iden.* Poor as a miser.

But lodged so far off, in the other wing,  
By which there's no communication with  
The baron's chamber, that it can't be he.  
Besides, I bade him "good night" in the hall,  
Almost a mile off, and which only leads  
To his own apartment, about the same time  
When this burglarious, larcenous felony  
Appears to have been committed.

*Fritz.* There's another,  
The stranger —

*Iden.* The Hungarian?

*Fritz.* He who helped  
To fish the baron from the Oder.

*Iden.* Not  
Unlikely. But, hold — might it not have been  
One of the suite?

*Jos.* And not the worst, I hope.

*Wer.*

Hope! I make *sure*.

But let us to our chamber.

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Yet one question —

What hast thou *done*?

*Wer. (fiercely).* Left one thing *undone*, which  
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Unlikely. But, hold — might it not have been  
One of the suite ?

*Fritz.* How? *We*, sir!

*Iden.* No — not *you*,

But some of the inferior knaves. You say  
The baron was asleep in the great chair —  
The velvet chair — in his embroidered night-gown;  
His toilet spread before him, and upon it  
A cabinet with letters, papers, and  
Several rouleaux of gold; of which *one* only  
Has disappeared: — the door unbolted, with  
No difficult access to any.

*Fritz.* Good sir,

Be not so quick; the honor of the corps  
Which forms the baron's household's unimpeached  
From steward to scullion, save in the fair way  
Of peculation; such as in accompts,  
Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,  
Where all men take their prey; as also in  
Postage of letters, gathering of rents,  
Purveying feasts, and understanding with  
The honest trades who furnish noble masters:  
But for your petty, picking, downright thievery,  
We scorn it as we do board-wages. Then  
Had one of our folks done it, he would not  
Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard  
His neck for *one* rouleau, but have swooped all;  
Also the cabinet, if portable.

*Iden.* There is some sense in that —

*Fritz.* No, sir, be sure

'T was none of our corps; but some petty, trivial  
Picker and stealer, without art or genius.

The only question is — Who else could have  
Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?

*Iden.* You don't mean me?

*Fritz.* No, sir; I honor more  
Your talents —

*Iden.* And my principles, I hope.

*Fritz.* Of course. But to the point: What's to  
be done? [said.

*Iden.* Nothing — but there's a good deal to be  
We'll offer a reward; move heaven and earth,  
And the police (though there's none nearer than  
Frankfort); post notices in manuscript  
(For we've no printer); and set by my clerk  
To read them (for few can, save he and I).  
We'll send out villains to strip beggars, and  
Search empty pockets; also, to arrest  
All gipsies, and ill-clothed and sallow people.  
Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the culprit;  
And for the baron's gold — if 't is not found,  
At least he shall have the full satisfaction  
Of melting twice its substance in the raising  
The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchemy  
For your lord's losses!

*Fritz.* He hath found a better.

*Iden.* Where?

*Fritz.* In a most immense inheritance.  
The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kinsman,  
Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my lord  
Is on his way to take possession.

*Iden.* Was there  
No heir?



*Fritz.* Oh, yes ; but he has disappeared  
Long from the world's eye, and perhaps the world.  
A prodigal son, beneath his father's ban  
For the last twenty years ; for whom his sire  
Refused to kill the fatted calf ; and, therefore,  
If living, he must chew the husks still. But  
The baron would find means to silence him,  
Were he to reappear : he's politic,  
And has much influence with a certain court.

*Iden.* He's fortunate.

*Fritz.* 'Tis true, there is a grandson,  
Whom the late count reclaimed from his son's hands  
And educated as his heir ; but then  
His birth is doubtful.

*Iden.* How so ?

*Fritz.* His sire made  
A left-hand, love, imprudent sort of marriage,  
With an Italian exile's dark-eyed daughter :  
Noble, they say, too ; but no match for such  
A house as Siegendorf's. The grandsire ill  
Could brook the alliance ; and could ne'er be brought  
To see the parents, though he took the son.

*Iden.* If he's a lad of mettle, he may yet  
Dispute your claim, and weave a web that may  
Puzzle your baron to unravel.

*Fritz.* Why,  
For mettle, he has quite enough : they say,  
He forms a happy mixture of his sire  
And grandsire's qualities, — impetuous as  
The former, and deep as the latter ; but

The strangest is, that he too disappeared  
Some months ago.

*Iden.* The devil he did !

*Fritz.* Why, yes :

It must have been at his suggestion, at  
An hour so critical as was the eve  
Of the old man's death, whose heart was broken by it.

*Iden.* Was there no cause assigned ?

*Fritz.* Plenty, no doubt,  
And none perhaps the true one. Some averred  
It was to seek his parents ; some because  
The old man held his spirit in so strictly  
(But that could scarce be, for he doted on him) ;  
A third believed he wished to serve in war,  
But peace being made soon after his departure,  
He might have since returned, were that the motive ;  
A fourth set charitably have surmised,  
As there was something strange and mystic in him,  
That in the wild exuberance of his nature  
He had joined the black bands, who lay waste  
Lusatia,  
The mountains of Bohemia and Silesia,  
Since the last years of war had dwindled into  
A kind of general condottiero system  
Of bandit warfare ; each troop with its chief,  
And all against mankind.

*Iden.* That cannot be.  
A young heir, bred to wealth and luxury,  
To risk his life and honors with disbanded  
Soldiers and desperadoes !

*Fritz.* Heaven best knows!  
But there are human natures so allied  
Unto the savage love of enterprise,  
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.  
I've heard that nothing can reclaim your Indian,  
Or tame the tiger, though their infancy  
Were fed on milk and honey. After all,  
Your Wallenstein, your Tilly and Gustavus,  
Your Bannier, and your Torstenson and Weimar,  
Were but the same thing upon a grand scale;  
And now that they are gone, and peace proclaimed,  
They who would follow the same pastime must  
Pursue it on their own account. Here comes  
The baron, and the Saxon stranger, who  
Was his chief aid in yesterday's escape,  
But did not leave the cottage by the Oder  
Until this morning.

*Enter STRALENHEIM and ULRIC.*

*Stral.* Since you have refused  
All compensation, gentle stranger, save  
Inadequate thanks, you almost check even them  
Making me feel the worthlessness of words,  
And blush at my own barren gratitude,  
They seem so niggardly, compared with what  
Your courteous courage did in my behalf —

*Ulr.* I pray you press the theme no further.

*Stral.* But  
Can I not serve you? You are young, and of  
That mould which throws out heroes; fair in favor,

Brave, I know, by my living now to say so ;  
And doubtlessly, with such a form and heart,  
Would look into the fiery eyes of war,  
As ardently for glory as you dared  
An obscure death to save an unknown stranger  
In an as perilous, but opposite, element.  
You are made for the service : I have served ;  
Have rank by birth and soldiership, and friends,  
Who shall be yours. 'Tis true this pause of peace  
Favors such views at present scantily ;  
But 't will not last, men's spirits are too stirring ;  
And, after thirty years of conflict, peace  
Is but a petty war, as the times show us  
In every forest, or a mere armed truce.  
War will reclaim his own ; and, in the mean time,  
You might obtain a post, which would insure  
A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail not  
To rise. I speak of Brandenburg, wherein  
I stand well with the elector ; in Bohemia,  
Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now  
Upon its frontier.

*Utr.*            You perceive my garb  
Is Saxon, and of course my service due  
To my own sovereign. If I must decline  
Your offer, 'tis with the same feeling which  
Induced it.

*Stral.*        Why, this is mere usury !  
I owe my life to you, and you refuse  
The acquittance of the interest of the debt,  
To heap more obligations on me, till  
I bow beneath them.

*Ulr.* You shall say so when  
I claim the payment.

*Stral.* Well, sir, since you will not —  
You are nobly born?

*Ulr.* I have heard my kinsmen say so.

*Stral.* Your actions show it. Might I ask your  
name?

*Ulr.* Ulric.

*Stral.* Your house's?

*Ulr.* When I'm worthy of it,  
I'll answer you.

*Stral. (aside).* Most probably an Austrian,  
Whom these unsettled times forbid to boast  
His lineage on these wild and dangerous frontiers,  
Where the name of his country is abhorred.

[*Aloud to FRITZ and IDENSTEIN.*  
So, sirs! how have ye sped in your researches?

*Iden.* Indifferent well, your excellency.

*Stral.* Then  
I am to deem the plunderer is caught?

*Iden.* Humph! — not exactly.

*Stral.* Or at least suspected?

*Iden.* Oh! for that matter, very much suspected.

*Stral.* Who may he be?

*Iden.* Why, do n't *you* know, my lord?

*Stral.* How should I? I was fast asleep.

*Iden.* And so  
Was I, and that's the cause I know no more  
Than does your excellency.

*Stral.* Dolt!

*Iden.* Why, if

Your lordship, being robbed, do n't recognize  
The rogue ; how should I, not being robbed, identify

The thief among so many? In the crowd,  
May it please your excellency, your thief looks  
Exactly like the rest, or rather better :  
'T is only at the bar and in the dungeon  
That wise men know your felon by his features ;  
But I'll engage, that if seen there but once,  
Whether he be found criminal or no,  
His face shall be so.

*Stral.* (to FRITZ). Prithee, Fritz, inform me  
What hath been done to trace the fellow?

*Fritz.* Faith!

My lord, not much as yet, except conjecture.

*Stral.* Besides the loss (which, I must own, affects  
me

Just now materially), I needs would find  
The villain out of public motives ; for  
So dexterous a spoiler, who could creep  
Through my attendants, and so many peopled  
And lighted chambers, on my rest, and snatch  
The gold before my scarce-closed eyes, would soon  
Leave bare your borough, Sir Intendant !

*Iden.* True ;

If there were aught to carry off, my lord.

*Ulr.* What is all this ?

*Stral.* You joined us but this morning,  
And have not heard that I was robbed last night.

*Ulr.* Some rumor of it reached me as I passed

The outer chambers of the palace, but  
I know no further.

*Stral.* It is a strange business ;  
The intendant can inform you of the facts.

*Iden.* Most willingly. You see ——

*Stral. (impatiently).* Defer your tale,  
Till certain of the hearer's patience.

*Iden.* That  
Can only be approved by proofs. You see ——

*Stral. (again interrupting him, and addressing  
ULRIC).*

In short, I was asleep upon a chair,  
My cabinet before me, with some gold  
Upon it (more than I much like to lose,  
Though in part only) : some ingenious person  
Contrived to glide through all my own attendants,  
Besides those of the place, and bore away  
A hundred golden ducats, which to find  
I would be fain, and there's an end. Perhaps  
You (as I still am rather faint) would add  
To yesterday's great obligation, this,  
Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid these men  
(Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?

*Ulr.* Most willingly, and without loss of time —  
(*To IDENSTEIN.*) Come hither, mynheer!

*Iden.* But so much haste bodes  
Right little speed, and ——

*Ulr.* Standing motionless  
None ; so let's march : we'll talk as we go on.

*Iden.* But ——

*Ulr.* Show the spot, and then I'll answer you.

*Fritz.* I will, sir, with his excellency's leave.

*Stral.* Do so, and take yon old ass with you.

*Fritz.* Hence!

*Ulr.* Come on, old oracle, expound thy riddle!

[*Exit with IDENSTEIN and FRITZ.*]

*Stral. (solus).* A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling,

Handsome as Hercules ere his first labor,  
And with a brow of thought beyond his years  
When in repose, till his eye kindles up  
In answering yours. I wish I could engage him :  
I have need of some such spirits near me now,  
For this inheritance is worth a struggle.  
And though I am not the man to yield without one,  
Neither are they who now rise up between me  
And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold one ;  
But he hath played the truant in some hour  
Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to  
Champion his claims. That's well. The father, whom  
For years I've tracked, as does the blood-hound,  
never

In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me  
To fault ; but *here* I *have* him, and that's better.  
It must be *he* ! All circumstance proclaims it ;  
And careless voices, knowing not the cause  
Of my inquiries, still confirm it. — Yes !  
The man, his bearing, and the mystery  
Of his arrival, and the time ; the account, too,  
The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her)



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To fault ; but *here* I *have* him, and that's better.  
It must be *he* ! All circumstance proclaims it ;  
And careless voices, knowing not the cause  
Of my inquiries, still confirm it. — Yes !  
The man, his bearing, and the mystery  
Of his arrival, and the time ; the account, too,  
The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her)

Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect ;  
Besides the antipathy with which we met,  
As snakes and lions shrink back from each other  
By secret instinct that both must be foes  
Deadly, without being natural prey to either ;  
All — all — confirm it to my mind. However,  
We 'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours  
The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters  
Rise not the higher (and the weather favors  
Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe  
Within a dungeon, where he may avouch  
His real estate and name ; and there's no harm done,  
Should he prove other than I deem. This robbery  
(Save for the actual loss) is lucky also :  
He's poor, and that's suspicious — he's unknown,  
And that's defenceless. — True, we have no proofs  
Of guilt, — but what hath he of innocence ?  
Were he a man indifferent to my prospects,  
In other bearings, I should rather lay  
The inculpation on the Hungarian, who  
Hath something which I like not ; and alone  
Of all around, except the intendant, and  
The prince's household and my own, had ingress  
Familiar to the chamber.

*Enter GABOR.*

Friend, how fare you ?

*Gab.* As those who fare well everywhere, when  
they  
Have supped and slumbered, no great matter how —  
And you, my lord ?

*Stral.* Better in rest than purse:  
Mine inn is like to cost me dear.

*Gab.* I heard  
Of your late loss; but 'tis a trifle to  
One of your order.

*Stral.* You would hardly think so,  
Were the loss yours.

*Gab.* I never had so much  
(At once) in my whole life, and therefore am not  
Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you.  
Your couriers are turned back — I have outstripped  
them,  
In my return.

*Stral.* You! — Why?

*Gab.* I went at daybreak,  
To watch for the abatement of the river,  
As being anxious to resume my journey.  
Your messengers were all checked like myself;  
And, seeing the case hopeless, I await  
The current's pleasure.

*Stral.* Would the dogs were in it!  
Why did they not, at least, attempt the passage?  
I ordered this at all risks.

*Gab.* Could you order  
The Oder to divide, as Moses did  
The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood  
Of the swoln stream), and be obeyed, perhaps  
They might have ventured.

*Stral.* I must see to it:  
The knaves! the slaves! — but they shall smart for  
this. *[Exit STRALENHEIM.]*

*Gab. (solus).* There goes my noble, feudal, self-willed baron!

Epitome of what brave chivalry  
The preux chevaliers of the good old times  
Have left us. Yesterday he would have given  
His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer,  
His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh air  
As would have filled a bladder, while he lay  
Gurgling and foaming half way through the window  
Of his o'erset and water-logged conveyance;  
And now he storms at half a dozen wretches  
Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's right:  
'Tis strange they should, when such as he may put  
them

To hazard at his pleasure. Oh! thou world!  
Thou art indeed a melancholy jest! [*Exit GABOR.*]

#### SCENE II.

*The Apartment of WERNER, in the Palace.*

*Enter JOSEPHINE and ULRIC.*

*Jos.* Stand back, and let me look on thee again!  
My Ulric! — my beloved! — can it be —  
After twelve years?

*Ulr.* My dearest mother!

*Jos.* Yes!

My dream is realized — how beautiful! —  
How more than all I sighed for! Heaven receive  
A mother's thanks! — a mother's tears of joy!

This is indeed thy work! — At such an hour, too,  
He comes not only as a son, but saviour.

*Ulr.* If such a joy await me, it must double  
What I now feel, and lighten from my heart  
A part of the long debt of duty, not  
Of love (for that was ne'er withheld) — forgive me!  
This long delay was not my fault.

*Jos.* I know it,  
But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt  
If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from  
My memory by this oblivious transport! —  
My son!

*Enter WERNER.*

*Wer.* What have we here, — more strangers?

*Jos.* No!

Look upon him! What do you see?

*Wer.* A stripling,  
For the first time —

*Ulr. (kneeling).* For twelve long years, my father!

*Wer.* Oh, God!

*Jos.* He faints!

*Wer.* No — I am better now —  
*Ulric! (Embraces him.)*

*Ulr.* My father, Siegendorf!

*Wer. (starting).* Hush! boy —  
The walls may hear that name!

*Ulr.* What then?

*Wer.* Why, then —  
But we will talk of that anon. Remember,

I must be known here but as Werner. Come!  
Come to my arms again! Why, thou look'st all  
I should have been, and was not. Josephine!  
Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me;  
But, had I seen that form amid ten thousand  
Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen  
This for my son!

*Ulr.* And yet you knew me not!

*Wer.* Alas! I have had that upon my soul  
Which makes me look on all men with an eye  
That only knows the evil at first glance.

*Ulr.* My memory served me far more fondly: I  
Have not forgotten aught; and oft-times in  
The proud and princely halls of — (I'll not name  
them,

As you say that 'tis perilous) — but if the pomp  
Of your sire's feudal mansion, I looked back  
To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,  
And wept to see another day go down  
O'er thee and me, with those huge hills between us.  
They shall not part us more.

*Wer.* I know not that.

Are you aware my father is no more?

*Ulr.* Oh, heavens! I left him in a green old  
age,

And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady  
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees  
Fell fast around him. 'T was scarce three months  
since.

*Wer.* Why did you leave him?

*Jos. (embracing ULRIC).* Can you ask that question?

Is he not *here*?

*Wer.* True; he hath sought his parents,  
And found them; but, oh! *how*, and in what state!

*Ulr.* All shall be bettered. What we have to do  
Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,  
Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless  
Your father has disposed in such a sort  
Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremost,  
So that I must prefer my claim for form:  
But I trust better, and that all is yours.

*Wer.* Have you not heard of *Stralenheim*?

*Ulr.* I saved.

His life but yesterday: he's here.

*Wer.* You saved.

The serpent who will sting us all!

*Ulr.* You speak

Riddles: what is this *Stralenheim* to us?

*Wer.* Every thing. One who claims our father's  
lands;

Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.

*Ulr.* I never heard his name till now. The count,  
Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman; who;  
If his own line should fail, might be remotely  
Involved in the succession; but his titles  
Were never named before me — and what then?  
His right must yield to ours.

*Wer.* Ay, if at Prague:

But here he is all-powerful; and has spread



Snares for thy father, which, if hitherto  
He hath escaped them, is by fortune, not  
By favor.

*Ulr.* Doth he personally know you?

*Wer.* No; but he guesses shrewdly at my person,  
As he betrayed last night; and I, perhaps,  
But owe my temporary liberty  
To his uncertainty.

*Ulr.* I think you wrong him  
(Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim  
Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so,  
He owes me something both for past and present.  
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me.  
He hath been plundered, too, since he came hither:  
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now  
Able to trace the villain who hath robbed him:  
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business  
Which brought me here was chiefly that:\* but I  
Have found, in searching for another's dross,  
My own whole treasure — you, my parents!

*Wer. (agitatedly).* Who  
Taught you to mouth that name of "villain?"

\* [The following is the original passage in the novel:—"Stralenheim," said Conrad, "does not appear to be altogether the man you take him for: but were it even otherwise, he owes me gratitude not only for the past, but for what he supposes to be my present employment. I saved his life, and he therefore places confidence in me. He hath been robbed last night—is sick—a stranger—and in no condition to discover the villain who has plundered him; and the business on which I sought the intendant was chiefly that," etc.—MISS LEE.]

*Ulr.*

What

More noble name belongs to common thieves?

*Wer.* Who taught you thus to brand an unknown  
being

With an infernal stigma?

*Ulr.*

My own feelings

Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

*Wer.* Who taught you, long-sought and ill-found  
boy! that

It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

*Ulr.* I named a villain. What is there in common

With such a being and my father?

*Wer.*

Every thing!

That ruffian is thy father! \*

*Jos.*

Oh, my son!

Believe him not — and yet! — (*her voice falters*).*Ulr.* (*starts, looks earnestly at WERNER, and then  
says slowly,*) And you avow it?*Wer.* Ulric, before you dare despise your father,  
Learn to divine and judge his actions. *Young,*  
Rash, new to life, and reared in luxury's lap,  
Is it for you to measure passion's force,

\* [“‘And who,’ said he, starting furiously from his seat, ‘has entitled you to brand thus with ignominious epithets a being you do not know? Who,’ he added, with increasing agitation, ‘has taught you that it would be even safe for my son to insult me?’ — ‘It is not necessary to know the person of a ruffian,’ replied Conrad indignantly, ‘to give him the appellation he merits: — and what is there in common between my father and such a character?’ — ‘Every thing,’ said Siegendorf, bitterly, — ‘for that ruffian was your father!’” — *IBID.*]

Or misery's temptation? Wait — (not long,  
It cometh like the night, and quickly) — Wait! —  
Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted \* — till  
Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;  
Famine and poverty your guests at table;  
Despair your bed-fellow — then rise, but not  
From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er ar-  
rive —

Should you see then the serpent, who hath coiled  
Himself around all that is dear and noble  
Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,  
With but *his* folds between your steps and happiness,  
When *he*, who lives but to tear from you name,  
Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with  
Chance your conductor; midnight for your mantle;  
The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,  
Even to your deadliest foe; and he as't were  
Inviting death, by looking like it, while

\* ["Conrad, before you thus presume to chastise me with your eye, learn to understand my actions. Young, and inexperienced in the world — reposing hitherto in the bosom of indulgence and luxury, is it for you to judge of the force of the passions, or the temptations of misery? Wait till, like me, you have blighted your fairest hopes — have endured humiliation and sorrow — poverty and famine — before you pretend to judge of their effects on you! Should that miserable day ever arrive — should you see the being at your mercy who stands between you and every thing that is dear or noble in life! who is ready to tear from you your name — your inheritance — your very life itself — congratulate your own heart, if, like me, you are content with petty plunder, and are not tempted to exterminate a serpent, who now lives, perhaps, to sting us all!" — *IBID.*]

His death alone can save you : — Thank your God !  
If then, like me, content with petty plunder,  
You turn aside — I did so.

*Ulr.*

But —

*Wer. (abruptly).*

Hear me !

I will not brook a human voice — scarce dare  
Listen to my own (if that be human still) —  
Hear me ! You do not know this man — I do.\*  
He 's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You  
Deem yourself safe, as young and brave ; but learn  
None are secure from desperation, few  
From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,  
Housed in a prince's palace, couched within  
A prince's chamber, lay below my knife !  
An instant — a mere motion — the least impulse —  
Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.  
He was within my power — my knife was raised —  
Withdrawn — and I 'm in his : — are you not so ?  
Who tells you that he knows you *not* ? Who says  
He hath not lured you here to end you ? or  
To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon ?

[*He pauses.*

*Ulr.* Proceed — proceed !

*Wer.*

*Me* he hath ever known,

\* ["You do not know this man," continued he: "I do! I believe him to be mean, sordid, deceitful! You will conceive yourself safe, because you are young and brave! Learn, however, none are so secure but desperation or subtilty may reach them! Stralenheim, in the palace of a prince, was in my power! My knife was held over him — I forbore — and I am now in his," etc. etc. — *IBID.*]

And hunted through each change of time — name —  
fortune —

And why not *you*? Are you more versed in men?  
He wound snares round me; flung along my path  
Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurned  
Even from my presence; but, in spurning now,  
Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be  
More patient? Ulric! — Ulric! — there are crimes  
Made venial by the occasion, and temptations  
Which nature cannot master or forbear.\*

*Ulr.* (*looks first at him, and then at Josephine*).  
My mother!

*Wer.* Ay! I thought so: you have now  
Only one parent. I have lost alike  
Father and son, and stand alone.

*Ulr.* But stay!

[*WERNER rushes out of the chamber.*]

*Jos.* (*to ULRIC*). Follow him not, until this storm  
of passion

Abates. Think'st thou, that were it well for him,  
I had not followed?

*Ulr.* I obey you, mother,

\* ["Me he has known invariably through every change of fortune or of name — and why not you? Me he has entrapped — are you more discreet? He has wound the snares of Idenstein around me; — of a reptile whom, a few years ago, I would have spurned from my presence, and whom, in spurning now, I have furnished with fresh venom. Will you be more patient? Conrad, Conrad, there are crimes rendered venial by the occasion, and temptations too exquisite for human fortitude to master or forbear," etc. etc. — *IBID.*]

Although reluctantly. My first act shall not  
Be one of disobedience.

*Jos.* Oh ! he is good !

Condemn him not from his own mouth, but trust  
To me, who have borne so much with him, and for  
him,

That this is but the surface of his soul,  
And that the depth is rich in better things.

*Ulr.* These then are but my father's principles ?  
My mother thinks not with him ?

*Jos.* Nor doth he  
Think as he speaks. Alas ! long years of grief  
Have made him sometimes thus.

*Ulr.* Explain to me  
More clearly, then, these claims of Stralenheim,  
That, when I see the subject in its bearings,  
I may prepare to face him, or at least  
To extricate you from your present perils.  
I pledge myself to accomplish this — but would  
I had arrived a few hours sooner !

*Jos.* Ay !  
Hadst thou but done so !

*Enter GABOR and IDENSTEIN, with Attendants.*

*Gab. (to ULRIC).* I have sought you, comrade.  
So this is my reward !

*Ulr.* What do you mean ?

*Gab.* 'Sdeath ! have I lived to these years, and  
for this ! [would —  
(*To IDENSTEIN*). But for your age and folly, I

*Iden.* Help!  
Hands off! Touch an intendant!

*Gab.* Do not think  
I'll honor you so much as save your throat  
From the Ravenstone \* by choking you myself.

*Iden.* I thank you for the respite: but there are  
Those who have greater need of it than me.

*Ulr.* Unriddle this vile wrangling, or ——

*Gab.* At once, then,  
The baron has been robbed, and upon me  
This worthy personage has deigned to fix  
His kind suspicions — me! whom he ne'er saw  
Till yester' evening.

*Iden.* Wouldst have me suspect  
My own acquaintances? You have to learn  
That I keep better company.

*Gab.* You shall  
Keep the best shortly, and the last for all men,  
The worms! you hound of malice!

[GABOR seizes on him.

*Ulr. (interfering).* Nay, no violence:  
He's old, unarmed — be temperate, Gabor!

*Gab. (letting go IDENSTEIN).* True:  
I am a fool to lose myself because  
Fools deem me knave: it is their homage.

*Ulr. (to IDENSTEIN).* How  
Fare you?

*Iden.* Help!

\* The Ravenstone, "Rabenstein," is the stone gibbet of Germany, and so called from the ravens perching on it.

*Ulr.* I have helped you.

*Iden.* Kill him ! then  
I'll say so.

*Gab.* I am calm — live on !

*Iden.* That's more  
Than you shall do, if there be judge or judgment  
In Germany. The baron shall decide !

*Gab.* Does *he* abet you in your accusation ?

*Iden.* Does he not ?

*Gab.* Then next time let him go sink  
Ere I go hang for snatching him from drowning.  
But here he comes !

*Enter STRALENHEIM.*

*Gab. (goes up to him).* My noble lord, I'm here !

*Stral.* Well, sir !

*Gab.* Have you aught with me ?

*Stral.* What should I  
Have with you ?

*Gab.* You know best, if yesterday's  
Flood has not washed away your memory ;  
But that's a trifle. I stand here accused,  
In phrases not equivocal, by yon  
Intendant, of the pillage of your person  
Or chamber : — is the charge your own or his ?

*Stral.* I accuse no man.

*Gab.* Then you acquit me, baron ?

*Stral.* I know not whom to accuse, or to acquit,  
Or scarcely to suspect.

*Gab.* But you at least  
Should know whom *not* to suspect. I am insulted —



Oppressed here by these menials, and I look  
To you for remedy — teach them their duty !  
To look for thieves at home were part of it,  
If duly taught ; but, in one word, if I  
Have an accuser, let it be a man  
Worthy to be so of a man like me.  
I am your equal.

*Stral.* You !

*Gab.* Ay, sir ; and, for  
Aught that you know, superior ; but proceed —  
I do not ask for hints, and surmises,  
And circumstance, and proofs ; I know enough  
Of what I have done for you, and what you owe me,  
To have at least waited your payment rather  
Than paid myself, had I been eager of  
Your gold. I also know, that were I even  
The villain I am deemed, the service rendered  
So recently would not permit you to  
Pursue me to the death, except through shame,  
Such as would leave your scutcheon but a blank.  
But this is nothing : I demand of you  
Justice upon your unjust servants, and  
From your own lips a disavowal of  
All sanction of their insolence : thus much  
You owe to the unknown, who asks no more,  
And never thought to have asked so much.

*Stral.* This tone  
May be of innocence.

*Gab.* 'Sdeath ! who dare doubt it  
Except such villains as ne'er had it ?

*Stral.* You  
Are hot, sir.  
*Gab.* Must I turn an icicle  
Before the breath of menials, and their master?  
*Stral.* Ulric! you know this man; I found him in  
Your company.  
*Gab.* We found *you* in the Oder;  
Would we had left you there!  
*Stral.* I give you thanks, sir.  
*Gab.* I've earned them; but might have earned  
more from others,  
Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.  
*Stral.* Ulric! you know this man?  
*Gab.* No more than you do,  
If he avouches not my honor.  
*Ulr.* I  
Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my  
Own brief connection led me, honor.  
*Stral.* Then  
I'm satisfied.  
*Gab. (ironically).* Right easily, methinks.  
What is the spell in his asseveration  
More than in mine?  
*Stral.* I merely said that *I*  
Was satisfied — not that you are absolved.  
*Gab.* Again! Am I accused or no?  
*Stral.* Go to!  
You wax too insolent. If circumstance  
And general suspicion be against you,  
Is the fault mine? Is't not enough that I  
Decline all question of your guilt or innocence?

*Gab.* My lord, my lord, this is mere cozenage,  
A vile equivocation ; you well know  
Your doubts are certainties to all around you —  
Your looks a voice — your frowns a sentence ; you  
Are practising your power on me — because  
You have it ; but beware ! you know not whom  
You strive to tread on.

*Stral.* Threat'st thou ?

*Gab.* Not so much  
As you accuse. You hint the basest injury,  
And I retort it with an open warning.

*Stral.* As you have said, 't is true I owe you  
something,  
For which you seem disposed to pay yourself.

*Gab.* Not with your gold.

*Stral.* With bootless insolence.

[*To his Attendants and IDENSTEIN.*

You need not further to molest this man,  
But let him go his way. Ulric, good morrow !

[*Exit STRALLENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and Attendants.*

*Gab.* (*following*). I'll after him and —

*Ulr.* (*stopping him*). Not a step.

*Gab.* Who shall

Oppose me ?

*Ulr.* Your own reason, with a moment's

Thought.

*Gab.* Must I bear this ?

*Ulr.* Pshaw ! we all must bear

The arrogance of something higher than  
Ourselves — the highest cannot temper Satan,  
Nor the lowest his viceregents upon earth.

I've seen you brave the elements, and bear  
Things which had made this silkworm cast his skin —  
And shrink you from a few sharp sneers and words?

*Gab.* Must I bear to be deemed a thief? If  
't were

A bandit of the woods, I could have borne it —  
There's something daring in it; — but to steal  
The moneys of a slumbering man! —

*Ulr.* It seems, then,

You are *not* guilty?

*Gab.* Do I hear aright?

You too!

*Ulr.* I merely asked a simple question.

*Gab.* If the judge asked me, I would answer  
"No" —

To you I answer *thus*. (*He draws.*)

*Ulr.* (*drawing*). With all my heart!

*Jos.* Without there! Ho! help! help! — Oh,  
God! here's murder!

[*Exit JOSEPHINE, shrieking.*]

GABOR and ULRIC fight. GABOR is disarmed just  
as STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE, IDENSTEIN, etc.  
*rënter.*

*Jos.* Oh! glorious heaven! He's safe!

*Stral.* (*to JOSEPHINE*). Who's safe?

*Jos.* My ——

*Ulr.* (*interrupting her with a stern look, and turn-  
ing afterwards to STRALENHEIM*). Both!

Here's no great harm done.

*Stral.* What hath caused all this?

*Ulr.* *You*, baron, I believe; but as the effect  
Is harmless, let it not disturb you. — Gabor!  
There is your sword; and when you bare it next,  
Let it not be against your *friends*.

[*ULRIC pronounces the last words slowly and  
emphatically in a low voice to GABOR.*

*Gab.* I thank you  
Less for my life than for your counsel.

*Stral.* These  
Brawls must end here.

*Gab. (taking his sword).* They shall. You have  
wronged me, Ulric,  
More with your unkind thoughts than sword: I  
would

The last were in my bosom rather than  
The first in yours. I could have borne yon noble's  
Absurd insinuations — ignorance  
And dull suspicion are a part of his  
Entail will last him longer than his lands. —  
But I may fit *him* yet: — you have vanquished me.  
I was the fool of passion to conceive  
That I could cope with you, whom I had seen  
Already proved by greater perils than  
Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,  
However — but in friendship.

[*Exit GABOR.*

*Stral.* I will brook  
No more! This outrage following up his insults,  
Perhaps his guilt, has cancelled all the little

I owed him heretofore for the so-vaunted  
Aid which he added to your abler succor.  
Ulric, you are not hurt? —

*Ulr.* Not even by a scratch.

*Stral.* (to IDENSTEIN). Intendant! take your  
measures to secure

Yon fellow: I revoke my former lenity.  
He shall be sent to Frankfort with an escort  
The instant that the waters have abated.

*Iden.* Secure him! He hath got his sword  
again —

And seems to know the use on 't; 't is his trade,  
Belike; — I'm a civilian.

*Stral.* Fool! are not  
Yon score of vassals dogging at your heels  
Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence! after him!

*Ulr.* Baron, I do beseech you!

*Stral.* I must be  
Obeyed. No words!

*Iden.* Well, if it must be so —  
March, vassals! I'm your leader, and will bring  
The rear up: a wise general never should  
Expose his precious life — on which all rests.  
I like that article of war.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.*]

*Stral.* Come hither,  
Ulric: what does that woman here? Oh! now  
I recognize her, 't is the stranger's wife.  
Whom they name "Werner."

*Ulr.* 'T is his name.

*Stral.* Indeed!  
Is not your husband visible, fair dame? —  
*Jos.* Who seeks him?  
*Stral.* No one — for the present: but  
I fain would parley, Ulric, with yourself  
Alone.  
*Ulr.* I will retire with you.  
*Jos.* Not so:  
You are the latest stranger, and command  
All places here.  
(*Aside to ULRIC, as she goes out.*) O Ulric! have a  
care —  
Remember what depends on a rash word!  
*Ulr.* (to JOSEPHINE). Fear not! —  
[*Exit JOSEPHINE.*]  
*Stral.* Ulric, I think that I may trust you:  
You saved my life — and acts like these beget  
Unbounded confidence.  
*Ulr.* Say on.  
*Stral.* Mysteries  
And long-engendered circumstances (not  
To be now fully entered on) have made  
This man obnoxious — perhaps fatal to me.  
*Ulr.* Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?  
*Stral.* No — this “Werner” —  
With the false name and habit.  
*Ulr.* How can this be?  
He is the poorest of the poor — and yellow  
Sickness sits cavered in his hollow eye:  
The man is helpless.

*Stral.* He is — 't is no matter ; —  
But if he be the man I deem (and that  
He is so, all around us here — and much  
That is not here — confirm my apprehension)  
He must be made *sé*cure ere twelve hours further.

*Ulr.* And what have I to do with this ?

*Stral.* I have sent  
To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend  
(I have the authority to do so by  
An order of the house of Brandenburg),  
For a fit escort — but this cursed flood  
Bars all access, and may do for some hours.

*Ulr.* It is abating.

*Stral.* That is well.

*Ulr.* But how

Am I concerned ?

*Stral.* As one who did so much  
For me, you cannot be indifferent to  
That which is of more import to me than  
The life you rescued. — Keep your eye on *him* !  
The man avoids me, knows that I now know him. —  
Watch him ! — as you would watch the wild boar  
when

He makes against you in the hunter's gap —  
Like him he must be speared.

*Ulr.* Why so ?

*Stral.* He stands  
Between me and a brave inheritance !  
Oh ! could you see it ! But you shall.

*Ulr.* I hope so.



*Stral.* It is the richest of the rich Bohemia,  
Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so near  
The strongest city, Prague, that fire and sword  
Have skimmed it lightly: so that now, besides  
Its own exuberance, it bears double value  
Confronted with whole realms far and near,  
Made deserts.

*Ulr.* You describe it faithfully.

*Stral.* Ay — could you see it, you would say so —  
but,  
As I have said, you shall.

*Ulr.* I accept the omen.

*Stral.* Then claim a recompense from it and me,  
Such as *both* may make worthy your acceptance  
And services to me and mine for ever.

*Ulr.* And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch —  
This way-worn stranger — stands between you and  
This Paradise? — (As Adam did between  
The devil and his) — [*Aside.*]

*Stral.* He doth.

*Ulr.* Hath he no right?

*Stral.* Right! none. A disinherited prodigal,  
Who for these twenty years disgraced his lineage  
In all his acts — but chiefly by his marriage,  
And living amidst commerce-fetching burghers,  
And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

*Ulr.* He has a wife, then?

*Stral.* You'd be sorry to  
Call such your mother. You have seen the woman  
He *calls* his wife.

*Ulr.* Is she not so ?

*Stral.* No more

Than he's your father : — an Italian girl,  
The daughter of a banished man, who lives  
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

*Ulr.* They are childless, then ?

*Stral.* There is or was a bastard,

Whom the old man — the grandsire (as old age  
Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom,  
As it went chilly downward to the grave :  
But the imp stands not in my path — he has fled,  
No one knows whither ; and if he had not,  
His claims alone were too contemptible  
To stand. — Why do you smile ?

*Ulr.* At your vain fears :

A poor man almost in his grasp — a child  
Of doubtless birth — can startle a grandee !

*Stral.* All's to be feared, where all is to be gained.

*Ulr.* True ; and aught done to save or to obtain it.

*Stral.* You have harped the very string next to  
my heart.

I may depend upon you ?

*Ulr.* 'T were too late

To doubt it.

*Stral.* Let no foolish pity shake

Your bosom (for the appearance of the man  
Is pitiful) — he is a wretch, as likely  
To have robbed me as the fellow more suspected,  
Except that circumstance is less against him ;  
He being lodged far off, and in a chamber

Without approach to mine: and, to say truth,  
I think too well of blood allied to mine,  
To deem he would descend to such an act:  
Besides, he was a soldier, and a brave one  
Once — though too rash.

*Ulr.* And they, my lord, we know  
By our experience, never plunder till  
They knock the brains out first — which makes  
them heirs,  
Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought, can lose  
nothing,  
Nor e'er be robbed: their spoils are a bequest —  
No more.

*Stral.* Go to! you are a wag. But say  
I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this man,  
And let me know his slightest movement towards  
Concealment or escape?

*Ulr.* You may be sure  
You yourself could not watch him more than I  
Will be his sentinel.

*Stral.* By this you make me  
Yours, and for ever.

*Ulr.* Such is my intention. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*A Hall in the same Palace, from whence the secret Passage leads.*

*Enter WERNER and GABOR.*

*Gab.* Sir, I have told my tale: if it so please you  
To give me refuge for a few hours, well —  
If not, I'll try my fortune elsewhere.

*Wer.* How

Can I, so wretched, give to Misery  
A shelter? — wanting such myself as much  
As e'er the hunted deer a covert —

*Gab.* Or

The wounded lion his cool cave. Methinks  
You rather look like one would turn at bay,  
And rip the hunter's entrails.

*Wer.* Ah!

*Gab.* I care not

If it be so, being much disposed to do  
The same myself. But will you shelter me?  
I am oppressed like you — and poor 'like you —  
Disgraced —

*Wer. (abruptly).* Who told you that I was disgraced?

*Gab.* No one; nor did I say *you* were so: with  
Your poverty my likeness ended; but

I said *I* was so — and would add, with truth,  
As undeservedly as *you*.

*Wer.*

Again !

As *I* ?

*Gab.* Or any other honest man.

What the devil would you have ? You don't believe me

Guilty of this base theft ?

*Wer.*

No, no — I cannot.

*Gab.* Why that's my heart of honor ! yon young gallant —

Your miserly intendant and dense noble —

All — all suspected me ; and why ? because

I am the worst-clothed, and least named amongst them ;

Although, were Momus' lattice in your breasts,

My soul might brook to open it more widely

Than theirs : but thus it is — you poor and helpless —

Both still more than myself.

*Wer.*

How know you that ?

*Gab.* You're right : I ask for shelter at the hand  
Which I call helpless ; if you now deny it,  
I were well paid. But you, who seem to have proved

The wholesome bitterness of life, know well,

By sympathy, that all the outspread gold

Of the New World the Spaniard boasts about

Could never tempt the man who knows its worth,

Weighed at its proper value in the balance,

Save in such guise (and there I grant its power,

Because I feel it,) as may leave no nightmare  
Upon his heart o' nights.

*Wer.* What do you mean?

*Gab.* Just what I say; I thought my speech was  
plain :

You are no thief — nor I — and, as true men,  
Should aid each other.

*Wer.* It is a damned world, sir.

*Gab.* So is the nearest of the two next, as  
The priests say (and no doubt they should know  
best),

Therefore I'll stick by this — as being loth  
To suffer martyrdom, at least with such  
An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.  
It is but a night's lodging which I crave;  
To-morrow I will try the waters, as  
The dove did, trusting that they have abated.

*Wer.* Abated? Is there hope of that?

*Gab.* There was  
At noontide.

*Wer.* Then we may be safe.

*Gab.* Are you  
In peril?

*Wer.* Poverty is ever so.

*Gab.* That I know by long practice. Will you  
not  
Promise to make mine less?

*Wer.* Your poverty?

*Gab.* No — you do n't look a leech for that dis-  
order;

I meant my peril only : you've a roof,  
And I have none ; I merely seek a covert.

*Wer.* Rightly ; for how should such a wretch as I  
Have gold ?

*Gab.* Scarce honestly, to say the truth on't,  
Although I almost wish you had the baron's.

*Wer.* Dare you insinuate ?

*Gab.*

What ?

*Wer.*

Are you aware

To whom you speak ?

*Gab.*

No ; and I am not used

Greatly to care. (*A noise heard without*). But  
hark ! they come !

*Wer.*

Who come ?

*Gab.* The intendant and his man-hounds after me :  
I'd face them — but it were in vain to expect  
Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall I go ?  
But show me any place. I do assure you,  
If there be faith in man, I am most guiltless :  
Think if it were your own case !

*Wer.* (*Aside.*)

Oh, just God !

Thy hell is not hereafter ! Am I dust still ?

*Gab.* I see you 're moved ; and it shows well  
in you :

I may live to requite it.

*Wer.*

Are you not

A spy of Stralenheim's ?

*Gab.*

Not I ! and if

I were, what is there to espy in you ?

Although I recollect his frequent question

About you and your spouse might lead to some  
Suspicion ; but you best know — what — and why  
I am his deadliest foe.

*Wer.* You ?

*Gab.* After such  
A treatment for the service which in part  
I rendered him, I am his enemy :  
If you are not his friend, you will assist me.

*Wer.* I will.

*Gab.* But how ?

*Wer. (showing the panel).* There is a secret spring.  
Remember, I discovered it by chance,  
And used it but for safety.

*Gab.* Open it,  
And I will use it for the same.

*Wer.* I found it,  
As I have said : it leads through winding walls,  
(So thick as to bear paths within their ribs,  
Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness,)  
And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to  
I know not whither ; you must not advance :  
Give me your word.

*Gab.* It is unnecessary :  
How should I make my way in darkness through  
A Gothic labyrinth of unknown windings ?

*Wer.* Yes, but who knows to what place it may  
lead ?  
*I* know not — (mark you !) — but who knows it  
might not  
Lead even into the chamber of your foe ?



So strangely were contrived these galleries  
By our Teutonic fathers in old days,  
When man built less against the elements  
Than his next neighbor. You must not advance  
Beyond the two first windings; if you do  
(Albeit I never passed them), I'll not answer  
For what you may be led to.

*Gab.*

But I will.

A thousand thanks!

*Wer.* You'll find the spring more obvious  
On the other side; and, when you would return,  
It yields to the least touch.

*Gab.*

I'll in — farewell!

[*GABOR goes in by the secret panel.*]

*Wer. (solus).* What have I done? Alas! what *had*  
I done

Before to make this fearful? Let it be  
Still some atonement that I save the man,  
Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my own —  
They come! to seek elsewhere what is before them!

*Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.*

*Iden.* Is he not here? He must have vanished  
then

Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid  
Of pictured saints upon the red and yellow  
Casements, through which the sunset streams like  
sunrise

On long pearl-colored beards and crimson crosses,  
And gilded crosiers, and crossed arms, and cowls,

And helmets, and twisted armor, and long swords,  
All the fantastic furniture of windows  
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose  
Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes  
Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims  
As frail as any other life or glory.  
He's gone, however.

*Wer.* Whom do you seek?

*Iden.* A villain.

*Wer.* Why need you come so far, then?

*Iden.* In the search

Of him who robbed the baron.

*Wer.* Are you sure

You have divined the man?

*Iden.* As sure as you.

Stand there: but where's he gone?

*Wer.* Who?

*Iden.* He we sought.

*Wer.* You see he is not here.

*Iden.* And yet we traced him

Up to this hall. Are you accomplices?

Or deal you in the black art?

*Wer.* I deal plainly,

To many men the blackest.

*Iden.* It may be

I have a question or two for yourself

Hereafter; but we must continue now

Our search for t' other.

*Wer.* You had best begin

Your inquisition now: I may not be

So patient always.

*Iden.* I should like to know,  
In good sooth, if you really are the man  
That Stralenheim's in quest of.

*Wer.* Insolent!  
Said you not that he was not here?

*Iden.* Yes, *one*;  
But there's another whom he tracks more keenly,  
And soon, it may be, with authority  
Both paramount to his and mine. But, come!  
Bustle, my boys! we are at fault.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.*]

*Wer.* In what  
A maze hath my dim destiny involved me!  
And one base sin hath done me less ill than  
The leaving undone one far greater. Down,  
Thou busy devil, rising in my heart!  
Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with blood.

*Enter ULRIC.*

*Ulr.* I sought you, father.

*Wer.* Is't not dangerous?

*Ulr.* No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all  
Or any of the ties between us: more —  
He sends me here a spy upon your actions,  
Deeming me wholly his.

*Wer.* I cannot think it:  
'Tis but a snare he winds about us both,  
To swoop the sire and son at once.

*Ulr.* I cannot  
Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at

The doubts that rise like briers in our path,  
But must break through them, as an unarmed carle  
Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf  
rustling

In the same thicket where he hewed for bread.  
Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so:  
We 'll overfly or rend them.

*Wer.* Show me *how*?

*Ulr.* Can you not guess?

*Wer.* I cannot.

*Ulr.* That is strange.

Came the thought ne'er into your mind *last night*?

*Wer.* I understand you not.

*Ulr.* Then we shall never

More understand each other. But to change

The topic —

*Wer.* You mean to *pursue* it, as

'T is of our safety.

*Ulr.* Right; I stand corrected.

I see the subject now more clearly, and

Our general situation in its bearings.

The waters are abating; a few hours [fort,

Will bring his summoned myrmidons from Frank-

When you will be a prisoner, perhaps worse,

And I an outcast, bastardized by practice

Of this same baron to make way for him.

*Wer.* And now your remedy! I thought to escape

By means of this accursed gold; but now

I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it.

Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt

For motto, not the mintage of the state ;  
And for the sovereign's head, my own begirt  
With hissing snakes, which curl around my temples,  
And cry to all beholders, Lo ! a villain !

*Ulr.* You must not use it, at least now ; but take  
This ring. [*He gives WERNER a jewel.*]

*Wer.* A gem ! It was my father's !

*Ulr.* And

As such is now your own. With this you must  
Bribe the intendant for his old caleche  
And horses to pursue your route at sunrise,  
Together with my mother.

*Wer.* And leave you,  
So lately found, in peril too ?

*Ulr.* Fear nothing !  
The only fear were if we fled together,  
For that would make our ties beyond all doubt.  
The waters only lie in flood between  
This burgh and Frankfort ; so far's in our favor.  
The route on to Bohemia, though encumbered,  
Is not impassable ; and when you gain  
A few hours' start, the difficulties will be  
The same to your pursuers. Once beyond  
The frontier, and you're safe.

*Wer.* My noble boy !

*Ulr.* Hush ! hush ! no transports : we'll indulge  
in them

In Castle Siegendorf ! Display no gold :  
Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,  
And have looked through him) : it will answer thus

A double purpose. Stralenheim lost *gold*—  
*No* jewel: therefore it could *not* be his;  
And then the man who was possess of this  
Can hardly be suspected of abstracting  
The baron's coin, when he could thus convert  
This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost  
By his last night's slumber. Be not over timid  
In your address, nor yet too arrogant,  
And Idenstein will serve you.

*Wer.* I will follow  
In all things your direction.

*Ulr.* I would have  
Spared you the trouble; but had I appeared  
To take an interest in you, and still more  
By dabbling with a jewel in your favor,  
All had been known at once.

*Wer.* My guardian angel!  
This overpays the past. But how wilt thou  
Fare in our absence?

*Ulr.* Stralenheim knows nothing  
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.  
I will but wait a day or two with him  
To lull all doubts, and then rejoin my father.

*Wer.* To part no more!

*Ulr.* I know not that; but at  
The least we'll meet again once more.

*Wer.* My boy!  
My friend! my only child, and sole preserver!  
Oh, do not hate me!

*Ulr.* Hate my father!

Wer. Ay,  
My father hated me. Why not my son?

Ulr. Your father knew you not as I do.

Wer. Scorpions  
Are in thy words! Thou know me? in this guise  
Thou canst not know me, I am not myself;  
Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

Ulr. I'll wait!  
In the mean time be sure that all a son  
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

Wer. I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel  
Further — that you despise me.

Ulr. Wherefore should I?

Wer. Must I repeat my humiliation?

Ulr. No!  
I have fathomed it and you. But let us talk  
Of this no more. Or, if it must be ever,  
Not now. Your error has redoubled all  
The present difficulties of our house,  
At secret war with that of Stralenheim:  
All we have now to think of is to baffle  
Him. I have shown *one* way.

Wer. The only one,  
And I embrace it, as I did my son,  
Who showed *himself* and father's *safety* in  
One day.

Ulr. You *shall* be safe; let that suffice.  
Would Stralenheim's appearance in Bohemia  
Disturb your right, or mine, if once we were  
Admitted to our lands?

Wer. Assuredly,

Situate as we are now, although the first  
Possesser might, as usual, prove the strongest,  
Especially the next in blood.

*Ulr.* *Blood!* 't is  
A word of many meanings ; in the veins,  
And out of them, it is a different thing —  
And so it should be, when the same in blood  
(As it is called) are aliens to each other,  
Like Theban brethren : when a part is bad,  
A few spilt ounces purify the rest.

*Wer.* I do not apprehend you.

*Ulr.* That may be —  
And should, perhaps — and yet — but get ye  
ready ;  
You and my mother must away to-night.  
Here comes the intendant : sound him with the gem ;  
'T will sink into his venal soul like lead  
Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud,  
And ooze too, from the bottom, as the lead doth  
With its greased understratum ; but no less  
Will serve to warn our vessels through these shoals.  
The freight is rich, so heave the line in time !  
Farewell ! I scarce have time, but yet your *hand*,  
My father ! —

*Wer.* Let me embrace thee !

*Ulr.* We may be  
Observed : subdue your nature to the hour !  
Keep off from me as from your foe !

*Wer.* Accursed  
Be he who is the stifling cause which smothers



The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts ;  
At such an hour too !

*Ulr.* Yes, curse — it will ease you !  
Here is the intendant.

*Enter IDENSTEIN.*

Master Idenstein,  
How fare you in your purpose ? Have you caught  
The rogue ?

*Iden.* No, faith !

*Ulr.* Well, there are plenty more :  
You may have better luck another chase.  
Where is the baron ?

*Iden.* Gone back to his chamber :  
And now I think on 't, asking after you  
With nobly-born impatience.

*Ulr.* Your great men  
Must be answered on the instant, as the bound  
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur :  
'Tis well they have horses, too ; for if they had not,  
I fear that men must draw their chariots, as  
They say kings did Sesostris.

*Iden.* Who was he ?

*Ulr.* An old Bohemian — an imperial gipsy.

*Iden.* A gipsy or Bohemian, 't is the same,  
For they pass by both names. And was he one ?

*Ulr.* I've heard so ; but I must take leave. In-  
tendant,  
Your servant ! — Werner (*to WERNER slightly*), if  
that be your name,

Yours.

[*Exit ULRIC.*

*Iden.* A well-spoken, pretty-faced young man!  
And prettily behaved! He knows his station,  
You see, sir: how he gave to each his due  
Precedence!

*Wer.* I perceived it, and applaud  
His just discernment and your own.

*Iden.* That's well — That's well —  
That's very well. You also know your place, too;  
And yet I don't know that I know your place.

*Wer. (showing the ring).* Would this assist your  
knowledge?

*Iden.* How! — What! — Eh!  
A jewel!

*Wer.* 'Tis your own on one condition.

*Iden.* Mine! — Name it!

*Wer.* That hereafter you permit me  
At thrice its value to redeem it: 't is  
A family ring.

*Iden.* A family! — *yours!* — a gem!  
I'm breathless!

*Wer.* You must also furnish me  
An hour ere daybreak with all means to quit  
This place.

*Iden.* But is it real? Let me look on it:  
*Diamond,* by all that's glorious!

*Wer.* Come, I'll trust you:  
You have guessed, no doubt, that I was born above  
My present seeming.

*Iden.* I can't say I did,  
Though this looks like it: this is the true breeding  
Of gentle blood!

*Wer.* I have important reasons  
For wishing to continue privily  
My journey hence.

*Iden.* So then *you are* the man  
Whom Stralenheim 's in quest of?

*Wer.* I am not;  
But being taken for him might conduct  
So much embarrassment to me just now,  
And to the baron's self hereafter — 't is  
To spare both that I would avoid all bustle.

*Iden.* Be you the man or no, 't is not my business;  
Besides, I never should obtain the half  
From this proud, niggardly noble, who would raise  
The country for some missing bits of coin,  
And never offer a precise reward —  
But *this!* — another look!

*Wer.* Gaze on it freely;  
At day-dawn it is yours.

*Iden.* Oh, thou sweet sparkler!  
Thou more than stone of the philosopher!  
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!  
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar of  
The soul! the true magnetic Pole to which  
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!  
Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which, sitting  
High on the monarch's diadem, attractest  
More worship than the majesty who sweats  
Beneath the crown which makes his head ache, like  
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!  
Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already

A little king, a lucky alchymist! —  
A wise magician, who has bound the devil  
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,  
Werner, or what else?

*Wer.* Call me Werner still;  
You may yet know me by a loftier title.

*Iden.* I do believe in thee! thou art the spirit  
Of whom I long have dreamed in a low garb. —  
But come, I'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free  
As air, despite the waters; let us hence:  
I'll show thee I am honest — (oh, thou jewel!)  
Thou shalt be furnished, Werner, with such means  
Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds  
Should overtake thee. — Let me gaze again!  
I have a foster-brother in the mart  
Of Hamburg skilled in precious stones. How many  
Carats may it weigh? — Come, Werner, I will wing  
thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

STRALENHEIM's Chamber.

STRALENHEIM and FRITZ.

*Fritz.* All's ready, my good lord!

*Stral.* I am not sleepy,  
And yet I must to bed; I fain would say  
To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,  
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,  
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,

Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet  
Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself  
"Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between man  
And man, an everlasting mist; — I will  
Unto my pillow.

*Fritz.* May you rest there well !

*Stral.* I feel, and fear, I shall.

*Fritz.* And wherefore fear ?

*Stral.* I know not why, and therefore do fear more,  
Because an undescribable — but 't is  
All folly. Were the locks (as I desired)  
Changed, to-day, of this chamber? for last night's  
Adventure makes it needful.

*Fritz.* Certainly,  
According to your order, and beneath  
The inspection of myself and the young Saxon  
Who saved your life. I think they call him "Ulric."

*Stral.* You *think* ! you supercilious slave ! what  
right  
Have you to *tax your* memory, which should be  
Quick, proud, and happy to retain the *name*  
Of him who saved your master, as a litany  
Whose daily repetition marks your duty. —  
Get hence ! " *You think*," indeed ! you who stood  
still

Howling and dripping on the bank, whilst I  
Lay dying, and the stranger dashed aside  
The roaring torrent, and restored me to  
Thank him — and despise you. " *You think* ! " and  
scarce

Can recollect his name! I will not waste  
More words on you. Call me betimes.

*Fritz.*

Good night!

I trust to-morrow will restore your lordship  
To renovated strength and temper.

[*The scene closes.*]

## SCENE III.

*The secret Passage.*

*Gab. (solus).*

Four —

Five — six hours have I counted, like the guard  
Of outposts on the never-merry clock:  
That hollow tongue of time, which, even when  
It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment  
With every clang. 'T is a perpetual knell,  
Though for a marriage-feast it rings: each stroke  
Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note  
Of Love deep-buried without resurrection  
In the grave of Possession; while the knoll  
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo  
To triple Time in the son's ear.

I'm cold —

I'm dark; — I've blown my fingers — numbered o'er  
And o'er my steps — and knocked my head against  
Some fifty buttresses — and roused the rats  
And bats in general insurrection, till  
Their cursed pattering feet and whirling wings  
Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.  
A light! It is at distance (if I can

Measure in darkness distance): but it blinks  
As through a crevice or a key-hole, in  
The inhibited direction: I must on,  
Nevertheless, from curiosity.  
A distant lamp-light is an incident  
In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead me  
To nothing that may tempt me! Else — Heaven  
aid me

To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!  
Were it the star of Lucifer himself,  
Or he himself girt with its beams, I could  
Contain no longer. Softly! mighty well!  
That corner's turned — so — ah! no; — right! it  
draws

Nearer. Here is a darksome angle — so,  
That's weathered. — Let me pause. — Suppose it  
leads

Into some greater danger than that which  
I have escaped — no matter, 't is a new one;  
And novel perils, like fresh mistresses,  
Wear more magnetic aspects: — I will on,  
And be it where it may — I have my dagger,  
Which may protect me at a pinch. — Burn still,  
Thou little light! Thou art my *ignis fatuus*!  
My stationary Will-o'-the-wisp! — So! so!  
He hears my invocation, and fails not.

[*The scene closes.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Garden.**Enter WERNER.*

I could not sleep — and now the hour's at hand;  
All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word;  
And stationed in the outskirts of the town,  
Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle  
Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin  
To pale in heaven; and for the last time I  
Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never, never  
Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor,  
But not dishonored: and I leave them with  
A stain, — if not upon my name, yet in  
My heart! — a never-dying canker worm,  
Which all the coming splendor of the lands,  
And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf  
Can scarcely lull a moment. I must find  
Some means of restitution, which would ease  
My soul in part; but how without discovery? —  
It must be done, however; and I'll pause  
Upon the method the first hour of safety.  
The madness of my misery led to this  
Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it:  
I will have nought of Stralenheim's upon  
My spirit, though he would grasp all of mine;  
Lands, freedom, life, — and yet he sleeps! as  
soundly,



Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous curtains  
Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows,  
Such as when —— Hark! what noise is that?  
Again!

The branches shake; and some loose stones have  
fallen  
From yonder terrace.

[ULRIC *leaps down from the terrace.*

Ulric! ever welcome!

Thrice welcome now! this filial ——

*Ulr.* Stop! Before

We approach, tell me ——

*Wer.* Why look you so?

*Ulr.* Do I

Behold my father, or ——

*Wer.* What?

*Ulr.* An assassin?

*Wer.* Insane or insolent!

*Ulr.* Reply, sir, as

You prize your life, or mine!

*Wer.* To what must I

Answer?

*Ulr.* Are you or are you not the assassin  
Of Stralenheim?

*Wer.* I never was as yet

The murderer of any man. What mean you?

*Ulr.* Did not you *this* night (as the night before)  
Retrace the secret passage? Did you not  
*Again* revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and ——

[ULRIC *pauses.*

*Wer.* Proceed.

*Ulr.* Died he not by your hand?

*Wer.* Great God!

*Ulr.* You are innocent, then! my father's innocent!

Embrace me! Yes, — your tone — your look —  
yes, yes, —

Yet say so.

*Wer.* If I e'er, in heart or mind,  
Conceived deliberately such a thought,  
But rather strove to trample back to hell  
Such thoughts — if e'er they glared a moment  
through

The irritation of my oppressed spirit —  
May heaven be shut forever from my hopes  
As from mine eyes!

*Ulr.* But Stralenheim is dead.

*Wer.* 'Tis horrible! 'tis hideous, as 'tis hateful! —

But what have I to do with this?

*Ulr.* No bolt

Is forced; no violence can be detected,  
Save on his body. Part of his own household  
Have been alarmed; but as the intendant is  
Absent, I took upon myself the care  
Of mustering the police. His chamber has,  
Past doubt, been entered secretly. Excuse me,  
If nature —

*Wer.* Oh, my boy! what unknown woes  
Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering  
Above our house!

*Ulr.* My father! I acquit you!  
But will the world do so? will even the judge,  
If — But you must away this instant.

*Wer.* No!  
I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me?

*Ulr.* Yet  
You had *no* guests — *no* visitors — no life  
Breathing around you, save my mother's?

*Wer.* Ah!  
The Hungarian!

*Ulr.* He is gone! he disappeared  
Ere sunset.

*Wer.* No; I hid him in that very  
Concealed and fatal gallery.

*Ulr.* *There I'll find him.*  
[ULRIC is going.]

*Wer.* It is too late: he had left the palace ere  
I quitted it. I found the secret panel  
Open, and the doors which lead from that hall  
Which masks it: I but thought he had snatched the  
silent

And favorable moment to escape  
The myrmidons of Idenstein, who were  
Dogging him yester-even.

*Ulr.* You reclosed  
The panel?

*Wer.* Yes; and not without reproach  
(And inner trembling for the avoided peril)  
At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus  
His shelterer's asylum to the risk  
Of a discovery.

*Ulr.* You are sure you closed it?

*Wer.* Certain.

*Ulr.* That's well; but had been better, if  
You ne'er had turned it to a den for — [*He pauses.*]

*Wer.* Thieves!

Thou wouldst say: I must bear it and deserve it;  
But not —

*Ulr.* No, father; do not speak of this:  
This is no hour to think of petty crimes,  
But to prevent the consequence of great ones.  
Why would you shelter this man?

*Wer.* Could I shun it?

A man pursued by my chief foe; disgraced  
For my own crime; a victim to *my* safety,  
Imploring a few hours' concealment from  
The very wretch who was the cause he needed  
Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not  
Have in such circumstances thrust him forth.

*Ulr.* And like the wolf he hath repaid you. But  
It is too late to ponder thus: — you must  
Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to  
Trace the murderer, if 't is possible. [*Moloch*]

*Wer.* But this my sudden flight will give the  
Suspicion: two new victims in the lieu  
Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian,  
Who seems the culprit, and —

*Ulr.* Who seems? Who else  
Can be so?

*Wer.* Not *I*, though just now you doubted —  
You, my *son*! — doubted —

*Ulr.* And do you doubt of him  
The fugitive?

*Wer.* Boy! since I fell into  
The abyss of crime (though not of *such* crime), I,  
Having seen the innocent oppressed for me,  
May doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart  
Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse  
Appearances; and views a criminal  
In Innocence's shadow, it may be,  
Because 't is dusky.

*Ulr.* And if I do so,  
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew  
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.  
Away! — I'll make all easy. Idenstein  
Will for his own sake and his jewel's hold  
His peace — he also is a partner in  
Your flight — moreover —

*Wer.* Fly! and leave my name  
Linked with the Hungarian's, or preferred as  
poorest,  
To bear the brand of bloodshed?

*Ulr.* Pshaw! leave any thing  
Except our father's sovereignty and castles,  
For which you have so long panted and in vain!  
What *name*? You have *no name*, since that you bear  
Is feigned.

*Wer.* Most true; but still I would not have it  
Engraved in crimson in men's memories,  
Though in this most obscure abode of men —  
Besides, the search —

*Ulr.* I will provide against  
Aught that can touch you. No one knows you here  
As heir of Siegendorf: if Idenstein  
Suspects, 't is *but suspicion*, and he is  
A fool: his folly shall have such employment,  
Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way  
To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er  
Laws reached this village) are all in abeyance  
With the late general war of thirty years,  
Or crushed, or rising slowly from the dust,  
To which the march of armies trampled them.  
Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded  
*Here*, save as *such* — without lands, influence,  
Save what hath perished with him. Few prolong  
A week beyond their funeral rites their sway  
O'er men, unless by relatives, whose interest  
Is roused: such is not here the case; he died  
Alone, unknown, — a solitary grave,  
Obscure as his deserts, without a scutcheon,  
Is all he'll have, or wants. If *I* discover  
The assassin, 't will be well — if not, believe me  
None else; though all the full-fed train of menials  
May howl above his ashes (as they did  
Around him in his danger on the Oder),  
Will no more stir a finger *now* than *then*.  
Hence! hence! I must not hear your answer. —

Look!

The stars are almost faded, and the grey  
Begins to grizzle the black hair of night.  
You shall not answer: — Pardon me that I

Am peremptory; 'tis your son that speaks,  
Your long-lost, late-found son. — Let's call my  
mother!

Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest  
To me: I'll answer for the event as far  
As regards *you*, and that is the chief point,  
As my first duty, which shall be observed.  
We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf — once more  
Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that  
Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,  
Whose youth may better battle with them. — Hence!  
And may your age be happy! — I will kiss  
My mother once more, then Heaven's speed be with  
you!

*Wer.* This counsel's safe—but is it honorable?

*Ulr.* To save a father is a child's chief honor.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*A Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, near  
Prague.*

*Enter ERIC and HENRICK, Retainers of the Count.*

*Eric.* So better times are come at last; to these  
Old walls new masters and high wassail — both  
A long desideratum.

*Hen.* Yes, for *masters*,  
It might be unto those who long for novelty,

Though made by a new grave: but as for wassail,  
Methinks the old Count Siegendorf maintained  
His feudal hospitality as high  
As e'er another prince of the empire.

*Eric.* *Why,*  
For the mere cup and trencher, we no doubt  
Fared passing well; but as for merriment  
And sport, without which salt and sauces season  
The cheer but scantily, our sizings were  
Even of the narrowest.

*Hen.* *The old count loved not*  
The roar of revel; are you sure that *this* does?

*Eric.* As yet he hath been courteous as he's  
bounteous,  
And we all love him.

*Hen.* *His reign is as yet*  
Hardly a year o'erpast its honey-moon,  
And the first year of sovereigns is bridal:  
Anon, we shall perceive his real sway  
And moods of mind.

*Eric.* *Pray Heaven he keep the present!*  
Then his brave son, Count Ulric — there's a knight!  
Pity the wars are o'er!

*Hen.* *Why so?*

*Eric.* *Look on him!*  
And answer that yourself.

*Hen.* *He's very youthful,*  
And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

*Eric.* That's not a faithful vassal's likeness.

*Hen.* *But*  
Perhaps a true one.



*Eric.* Pity, as I said,  
The wars are over: in the hall, who like  
Count Ulric for a well-supported pride,  
Which awes, but yet offends not? in the field,  
Who like him with his spear in hand, when, gnashing  
His tusks, and ripping up from right to left  
The howling hounds, the boar makes for the thicket?  
Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears  
A sword like him? Whose plume nods knightlier?

*Hen.* No one's, I grant you. Do not fear, if war  
Be long in coming, he is of that kind  
Will make it for himself, if he hath not  
Already done as much.

*Eric.* What do you mean?

*Hen.* You can't deny his train of followers  
(But few our native fellow vassals born  
On the domain) are such a sort of knaves  
As —— (*Pauses.*)

*Eric.* What?

*Hen.* The war (you love so much) leaves living.  
Like other parents, she spoils her worst children.

*Eric.* Nonsense! they are all brave iron-visaged  
fellows,  
Such as old Tilly loved.

*Hen.* And who loved Tilly?  
Ask that at Magdebourg — or for that matter  
Wallenstein either; — they are gone to ——

*Eric.* Rest;  
But what beyond 't is not ours to pronounce.

*Hen.* I wish they had left us something of their  
rest:

The country (nominally now at peace)  
Is over-run with — God knows who : they fly  
By night, and disappear with sunrise ; but  
Leave us no less desolation, nay, even more,  
Than the most *open* warfare.

*Eric.* But Count Ulric —  
What has all this to do with him ?

*Hen.* With *him* !  
He — might prevent it. As you say he's fond  
Of war, why makes he it not on those marauders ?

*Eric.* You'd better ask himself.

*Hen.* I would as soon  
Ask the lion why he laps not milk.

*Eric.* And here he comes !

*Hen.* The devil ! you'll hold your tongue ?

*Eric.* Why do you turn so pale ?

*Hen.* 'T is nothing — but  
Be silent.

*Eric.* I will, upon what you have said.

*Hen.* I assure you I meant nothing, — a mere sport  
Of words, no more ; besides, had it been otherwise,  
He is to espouse the gentle Baroness  
Ida of Stralenheim, the late baron's heiress ;  
And she, no doubt, will soften whatsoever  
Of fierceness the late long intestine wars  
Hath given all natures, and most unto those  
Who were born in them, and bred up upon  
The knees of Homicide ; sprinkled, as it were,  
With blood even at their baptism. Prithee, peace  
On all that I have said !

*Enter* ULRIC and RODOLPH.

Good morrow, count.

*Ulr.* Good morrow, worthy Henrick. Eric, is  
All ready for the chase?

*Eric.* The dogs are ordered  
Down to the forest, and the vassals out  
To beat the bushes, and the day looks promising.  
Shall I call forth your excellency's suite?  
What courser will you please to mount?

*Ulr.* The dun,  
Walstein.

*Eric.* I fear he scarcely has recovered  
The toils of Monday: 't was a noble chase:  
You speared *four* with your own hand.

*Ulr.* True, good Eric;  
I had forgotten — let it be the grey, then,  
Old Ziska: he has not been out this fortnight.

*Eric.* He shall be straight caparisoned. How  
many  
Of your immediate retainers shall  
Escort you?

*Ulr.* I leave that to Weilburgh, our  
Master of the horse. [*Exit* ERIC.

Rodolph!

*Rod.* My lord!

*Ulr.* The news  
Is awkward from the — (RODOLPH *points to* HEN-  
RICK.)

How now, Henrick? why  
Loiter you here?

*Hen.* For your commands, my lord.

*Ulr.* Go to my father, and present my duty,  
And learn if he would aught with me before  
I mount.

[*Exit* HENRICK.]

Rodolph, our friends have had a check  
Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and  
'T is rumored that the column sent against them  
Is to be strengthened. I must join them soon.

*Rod.* Best wait for further and more sure advices.

*Ulr.* I mean it — and indeed it could not well  
Have fallen out at a time more opposite  
To all my plans.

*Rod.* It will be difficult  
To excuse your absence to the count your father.

*Ulr.* Yes, but the unsettled state of our domain  
In high Silesia will permit and cover  
My journey. In the mean time, when we are  
Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty men  
Whom Wolffe leads — keep the forests on your  
route :

You know it well?

*Rod.* As well as on that night  
When we —

*Ulr.* We will not speak of that until  
We can repeat the same with like success :  
And when you have joined, give Rosenberg this  
letter.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Add further, that I have sent this slight addition  
To our force with you and Wolffe, as herald of  
My coming, though I could but spare them ill

At this time, as my father loves to keep  
Full numbers of retainers round the castle,  
Until this marriage, and its feasts and fooleries,  
Are rung out with its peal of nuptial nonsense.

*Rod.* I thought you loved the lady Ida?

*Ulr.*

Why,

I do so — but it follows not from that  
I would bind in my youth and glorious years,  
So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,  
Although 't were that of Venus; — but I love her,  
As woman should be loved, fairly and solely.

*Rod.* And constantly?

*Ulr.*

I think so; for I love  
Nought else. — But I have not the time to pause  
Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great things  
We have to do ere long. Speed! speed! good  
Rodolph!

*Rod.* On my return, however, I shall find  
The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegendorf?

*Ulr.* Perhaps my father wishes it; and sooth  
'T is no bad policy: this union with  
The last bud of the rival branch at once  
Unites the future and destroys the past.

*Rod.* Adieu.

*Ulr.* Yet hold — we had better keep together  
Until the chase begins; then draw thou off,  
And do as I have said.

*Rod.* I will. But to  
Return — 't was a most kind act in the count  
Your father to send up to Königsberg

For this fair orphan of the baron, and  
To hail her as his daughter.

*Ulr.* Wondrous kind !  
Especially as little kindness till  
Then grew between them.

*Rod.* The late baron died  
Of a fever, did he not?

*Ulr.* How should I know ?

*Rod.* I have heard it whispered there was some-  
thing strange  
About his death—and even the place of it  
Is scarcely known.

*Ulr.* Some obscure village on  
The Saxon or Silesian frontier.

*Rod.* He  
Has left no testament—no farewell words ?

*Ulr.* I am neither confessor nor notary,  
So cannot say.

*Rod.* Ah ! here's the lady Ida.

*Enter* IDA STRALENHEIM.\*

*Ulr.* You are early, my sweet cousin !

*Ida.* Not too early,  
Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.  
Why do you call me "*cousin* ?"

\* [Ida, the *new* personage, is a precocious girl of fifteen, in a great hurry to be married; and who has very little to do in the business of the play, but to produce an effect by fainting at the discovery of the villany of her beloved, and partially touching on it in a previous scene.—ECL. REV.]

*Ulr. (smiling).* Are we not so?

*Ida.* Yes, but I do not like the name; methinks  
It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon  
Our pedigree, and only weighed our blood.

*Ulr. (starting).* Blood!

*Ida.* Why does yours start from your cheeks?

*Ulr.* Ay! doth it?

*Ida.* It doth — but no! it rushes like a torrent  
Even to your brow again.

*Ulr. (recovering himself).* And if it fled,  
It only was because your presence sent it  
Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet cousin!

*Ida.* "Cousin" again.

*Ulr.* Nay, then I'll call you sister.

*Ida.* I like that name still worse. — Would we  
had ne'er

Been aught of kindred!

*Ulr. (gloomily).* Would we never had!

*Ida.* Oh heavens! and can you wish that?

*Ulr.* Dearest *Ida*!

Did I not echo your own wish?

*Ida.* Yes, *Ulr.*

But then I wished it not with such a glance,  
And scarce knew what I said; but let me be  
Sister, or cousin, what you will, so that  
I still to you am something.

*Ulr.* You shall be

All — all —

*Ida.* And you to me are so already;  
But I can wait.

*Ulr.* Dear Ida!

*Ida.* Call me Ida,  
Your Ida, for I would be yours, none else's —  
Indeed I have none else left, since my poor father —  
[*She pauses.*]

*Ulr.* You have *mine* — you have *me*.

*Ida.* Dear Ulric, how I wish  
My father could but view my happiness,  
Which wants but this!

*Ulr.* Indeed!

*Ida.* You would have loved him,  
He you; for the brave ever love each other:  
His manner was a little cold, his spirit  
Proud (as is birth's prerogative); but under  
This grave exterior — Would you had known each  
other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey,  
He had not died without a friend to soothe  
His last and lonely moments.

*Ulr.* Who says *that*?

*Ida.* What?

*Ulr.* That he *died alone*.

*Ida.* The general rumor,  
And disappearance of his servants, who  
Have ne'er returned: that fever was most deadly  
Which swept them all away.

*Ulr.* If they were near him,  
He could not die neglected or alone.

*Ida.* Alas! what is a menial to a deathbed,  
When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what  
It loves? — They say he died of a fever.



*Ulr.*

*Say !*

It *was* so.

*Ida.* I sometimes dream otherwise.

*Ulr.* All dreams are false.

*Ida.* And yet I see him as

I see you.

*Ulr.* Where ?

*Ida.* In sleep — I see him lie  
Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife  
Beside him.

*Ulr.* But you do not see his *face* ?

*Ida* (*looking at him*). No ! Oh, my God ! do *you* ?

*Ulr.* Why do you ask ?

*Ida.* Because you look as if you saw a murderer !

*Ulr.* (*agitatedly*). *Ida*, this is mere childishness ;  
your weakness

Infects me, to my shame ; but as all feelings

Of yours are common to me, it affects me.

Prithee, sweet child, change ——

*Ida.* Child, indeed ! I have  
Full fifteen summers ! [*A bugle sounds.*

*Rod.* Hark, my lord, the bugle !

*Ida* (*peevishly to RODOLPH*). Why need you tell  
him that ? Can he not hear it

Without your echo ?

*Rod.* Pardon me, fair baroness !

*Ida.* I will not pardon you, unless you earn it  
By aiding me in my dissuasion of  
Count Ulric from the chase to day.

*Rod.* You will not,  
Lady, need aid of mine.

*Ulr.* I must not now  
Forego it.

*Ida.* But you shall!

*Ulr.* *Shall!*

*Ida.* Yes, or be  
No true knight. — Come, dear Ulric! yield to me  
In this, for this one day : the day looks heavy,  
And you are turned so pale and ill.

*Ulr.* You jest.

*Ida.* Indeed I do not : — ask of Rodolph.

*Rod.* Truly,  
My lord, within this quarter of an hour  
You have changed more than e'er I saw you change  
In years.

*Ulr.* 'T is nothing ; but if 't were, the air  
Would soon restore me. I'm the true chameleon,  
And live but on the atmosphere ; your feasts  
In castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not  
My spirit — I'm a forester and breather  
Of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all  
The eagle loves.

*Ida.* Except his prey, I hope.

*Ulr.* Sweet Ida, wish me a fair chase, and I  
Will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

*Ida.* And will you not stay, then? You shall  
not go!

Come! I will sing to you.

*Ulr.* Ida, you scarcely  
Will make a soldier's wife.

*Ida.* I do not wish

To be so ; for I trust these wars, are over,  
And you will live in peace on your domains.

*Enter WERNER as COUNT SIEGENDORF.*

*Ulr.* My father, I salute you, and it grieves me  
With such brief greeting. — You have heard our  
bugle ;

The vassals wait.

*Sieg.* So let them. — You forget  
To-morrow is the appointed festival  
In Prague for peace restored. You are apt to follow  
The chase with such an ardor as will scarce  
Permit you to return to-day, or if  
Returned, too much fatigued to join to-morrow  
The nobles in our marshalled ranks.

*Ulr.* You, count,  
Will well supply the place of both — I am not  
A lover of these pageantries.

*Sieg.* No, Ulric:  
It were not well that you alone of all  
Our young nobility —

*Ida.* And far the noblest  
In aspect and demeanor.

*Sieg. (to IDA).* True, dear child,  
Though somewhat frankly said for a fair damsel. —  
But, Ulric, recollect too our position,  
So lately reinstated in our honors.  
Believe me, 't would be marked in any house,  
But most in *ours*, that *ONE* should be found wanting  
At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven

Which gave us back our own, in the same moment  
It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims  
On us for thanksgiving: first, for our country;  
And next, that we are here to share its blessings.

*Ulr. (aside).* Devout, too! Well, sir, I obey at  
once. *(Then aloud to a Servant.)*

Ludwig, dismiss the train without! [*Exit LUDWIG.*]

*Ida.* And so

You yield at once to him what I for hours  
Might supplicate in vain.

*Sieg. (smiling).* You are not jealous  
Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who  
Would sanction disobedience against all  
Except thyself? But fear not; thou shalt rule him  
Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer.

*Ida.* But I should like to govern now.

*Sieg.* You shall,  
Your *harp*, which by the way awaits you with  
The countess in her chamber. She complains  
That you are a sad truant to your music:  
She attends you.

*Ida.* Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen!  
Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

*Ulr.* By and by.

*Ida.* Be sure I'll sound it better than your bugles;  
Then pray you be as punctual to its notes:  
I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

*Ulr.* And why not  
Old Tilly's?

*Ida.* Not that monster's! I should think

My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with  
music,

Could aught of *his* sound on it:—but come quickly;  
Your mother will be eager to receive you.

[*Exit* IDA.]

*Sieg.* Ulric, I wish to speak with you alone.

*Ulr.* My time's your vassal.

(*Aside to* RODOLPH.) Rodolph, hence! and do

As I directed: and by his best speed

And readiest means let Rosenberg reply.

*Rod.* Count Siegendorf, command you aught? I  
am bound

Upon a journey past the frontier.

*Sieg. (starts).* Ah! —

Where? on *what* frontier?

*Rod.* The Silesian, on

My way — (*Aside to* ULRIC.) — *Where shall I say?*

*Ulr. (aside to* RODOLPH.) To Hamburg.

(*Aside to himself.*) That

Word will, I think, put a firm padlock on

His further inquisition.

*Rod.* Count, to Hamburg.

*Sieg. (agitated).* Hamburg! No, I have nought  
to do there, nor

Am aught connected with that city. Then

God speed you!

*Rod.* Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!

[*Exit* RODOLPH.]

*Sieg.* Ulric, this man, who has just departed, is  
One of those strange companions whom I fain  
Would reason with you on.

*Ulr.* My lord, he is  
Noble by birth, of one of the first houses  
In Saxony.

*Sieg.* I talk not of his birth,  
But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of him.

*Ulr.* So they will do of most men. Even the  
monarch  
Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander, or  
The sneer of the last courtier whom he has made  
Great and ungrateful.

*Sieg.* If I must be plain,  
The world speaks more than lightly of this Rodolph:  
They say he is leagued with the "black bands"  
who still

Ravage the frontier.

*Ulr.* And will you believe  
The world?

*Sieg.* In this case — yes.

*Ulr.* In *any* case,  
I thought you knew it better than to take  
An accusation for a sentence.

*Sieg.* Son!  
I understand you: you refer to — but  
My Destiny has so involved about me  
Her spider web, that I can only flutter  
Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take heed,  
Ulric; you have seen to what the passions led me:  
Twenty long years of misery and famine  
Quenched them not — twenty thousand more, per-  
chance,

Hereafter (or even here in *moments* which  
Might date for years, did Anguish make the dial)  
May not obliterate or expiate  
The madness and dishonor of an instant.  
Ulric, be warned by a father! — I was not  
By mine, and you behold me!

*Ulr.*

I behold

The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf,  
Lord of a prince's appanage, and honored  
By those he rules and those he ranks with.

*Sieg.*

Ah!

Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while I fear  
For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not!  
All hearts but one may beat in kindness for me —  
But if my son's is cold! —

*Ulr.*

Who *dare* say that?

*Sieg.* None else but I, who see it — *feel* it —  
keener

Than would your adversary, who dared say so,  
Your sabre in his heart! But mine survives  
The wound.

*Ulr.* You err. My nature is not given  
To outward fondling: how should it be so,  
After twelve years' divorcement from my parents?

*Sieg.* And did not *I* too pass those twelve *torn*  
years

In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge you —  
Nature was never called back by remonstrance.  
Let's change the theme. I wish you to consider  
That these young violent nobles of high name,

But dark deeds (ay, the darkest, if all Rumor  
Reports be true), with whom thou consortest,  
Will lead thee ——

*Ulr. (impatiently).* I'll be led by no man.

*Sieg.*

Nor

Be leader of such, I would hope : at once  
To wean thee from the perils of thy youth  
And haughty spirit, I have thought it well  
That thou shouldst wed the lady Ida — more  
As thou appear'st to love her.

*Ulr.*

I have said

I will obey your orders, were they to  
Unite with Hecate — can a son say more ?

*Sieg.* He says too much in saying this. It is not  
The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood,  
Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly,  
Or act so carelessly, in that which is  
The bloom or blight of all men's happiness,  
(For Glory's pillow is but restless if [bias,  
Love lay not down his cheek there) : some strong  
Some master fiend is in thy service to  
Misrule the mortal who believes him slave,  
And makes his every thought subservient ; else  
Thou 'dst say at once — " I love young Ida, and  
Will wed her ; " or, " I love her not, and all  
The powers of earth shall never make me. " — So  
Would I have answered.

*Ulr.*

Sir, *you wed* for love ?

*Sieg.* I did, and it has been my only refuge  
In many miseries.



*Ulr.* Which miseries  
Had never been but for this love-match.

*Sieg.* Still  
Against your age and nature ! Who at twenty  
E'er answered thus till now ?

*Ulr.* Did you not warn me  
Against your own example ?

*Sieg.* Boyish sophist !  
In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida ?

*Ulr.* What matters it, if I am ready to  
Obey you in espousing her ?

*Sieg.* As far  
As you feel, nothing, but all life for her.  
She's young — all beautiful — adores you — is  
Endowed with qualities to give happiness,  
Such as rounds common life into a dream  
Of something which your poets cannot paint,  
And (if it were not wisdom to love virtue)  
For which Philosophy might barter Wisdom ;  
And giving so much happiness, deserves  
A little in return. I would not have her  
Break her heart for a man who has none to break ;  
Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose  
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightingale,  
According to the Orient tale. She is ——

*Ulr.* The daughter of dead Stralenheim, your foe :  
I'll wed her, ne'ertheless ; though, to say truth,  
Just now I am not violently transported  
In favor of such unions.

*Sieg.* But she loves you.

*Ulr.* And I love her, and therefore would think  
*twice.*

*Sieg.* Alas! Love never *did* so.

*Ulr.* Then 't is time  
He should begin, and take the bandage from  
His eyes, and look before he leaps: till now  
He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark.

*Sieg.* But you consent?

*Ulr.* I did, and do.

*Sieg.* Then fix the day.

*Ulr.* 'T is usual,  
And certes courteous, to leave that to the lady.

*Sieg.* I will engage for *her*.

*Ulr.* So will not *I*  
For any woman; and as what I fix,  
I fain would see unshaken, when she gives  
Her answer, I'll give mine.

*Sieg.* But 't is your office  
To woo.

*Ulr.* Count, 't is a marriage of your making,  
So be it of your wooing; but to please you  
I will now pay my duty to my mother,  
With whom, you know, the lady *Ida* is. —  
What would you have? You have forbid my stirring  
For manly sports beyond the castle walls,  
And I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,  
To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,  
And list to songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,  
And smile at pretty prattle, and look into  
The eyes of feminine, as though they were

The stars receding early to our wish  
Upon the dawn of a world-winning battle —  
What can a son or man do more? [*Exit* ULRIC.

*Sieg. (solus).*

Too much! —

Too much of duty and too little love!  
He pays me in the coin he owes me not:  
For such hath been my wayward fate, I could not  
Fulfil a parent's duties by his side  
Till now; but love he owes me, for my thoughts  
Ne'er left him, nor my eyes longed without tears  
To see my child again, and now I have found him!  
But how! — obedient, but with coldness; duteous  
In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious —  
Abstracted — distant — much given to long absence,  
And where — none know — in league with the most  
riotous

Of our young nobles; though, to do him justice,  
He never stoops down to their vulgar pleasures;  
Yet there's some tie between them which I cannot  
Unravel. They look up to him — consult him —  
Throng round him as a leader: but with me  
He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it  
After — what! doth my father's curse descend  
Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian near  
To shed more blood? or — Oh! if it should be!  
Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk these walls  
To wither him and his — who, though they slew not,  
Unlatched the door of death for thee? 'T was not  
Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our foe,  
And yet I spared thee when my own destruction

Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening !  
And only took — Accursed gold ! thou liest  
Like poison in my hands ; I dare not use thee,  
Nor part from thee ; thou camest in such a guise,  
Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands  
Like mine. Yet I have done, to atone for thee,  
Thou villanous gold ! and thy dead master's doom,  
Though he died not by me or mine, as much  
As if he were my brother ! I have ta'en  
His orphan Ida — cherished her as one  
Who will be mine.

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Atten.* The abbot, if it please  
Your excellency, whom you sent for, waits  
Upon you. [*Exit ATTENDANT.*

*Enter the PRIOR ALBERT.*

*Prior.* Peace be with these walls, and all  
Within them !

*Sieg.* Welcome, welcome, holy father !  
And may thy prayer be heard ! — all men have need  
Of such, and I ——

*Prior.* Have the first claim to all  
The prayers of our community. Our convent,  
Erected by your ancestors, is still  
Protected by their children.

*Sieg.* Yes, good father ;  
Continue daily orisons for us  
In these dim days of heresies and blood,

Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus, is  
Gone home.

*Prior.* To the endless home of unbelievers,  
Where there is everlasting wail and woe,  
Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and fire  
Eternal, and the worm which dieth not!

*Sieg.* True, father: and to avert those pangs  
from one,  
Who, though of our most faultless holy church,  
Yet died without its last and dearest offices,  
Which smoothe the soul through purgatorial pains,  
I have to offer humbly this donation  
In masses for his spirit.

[*SIEGENDORF offers the gold which he had taken  
from STRALENHEIM.*

*Prior.* Count, if I  
Receive it, 't is because I know too well  
Refusal would offend you. Be assured  
The largess shall be only dealt in alms,  
And every mass no less sung for the dead.  
Our house needs no donations, thanks to yours,  
Which has of old endowed it; but from you  
And yours in all meet things 't is fit we obey.  
For whom shall mass be said?

*Sieg. (faltering).* For — for — the dead.

*Prior.* His name?

*Sieg.* T'is from a soul, and not a name,  
I would avert perdition.

*Prior.* I meant not  
To pry into your secret. We will pray  
For one unknown, the same as for the proudest.

*Sieg.* Secret! I have none; but, father, he who's  
gone

Might *have* one; or, in short, he did bequeathe —  
No, not bequeathe — but I bestow this sum  
For pious purposes.

*Prior.* A proper deed  
In the behalf of our departed friends.

*Sieg.* But he who's gone was not my friend, but  
foe,  
The deadliest and the stanchest.

*Prior.* Better still!  
To employ our means to obtain heaven for the  
souls  
Of our dead enemies is worthy those  
Who can forgive them living.

*Sieg.* But I did not  
Forgive this man. I loathed him to the last,  
As he did me. I do not love him now,  
But —

*Prior.* Best of all! for this is pure religion!  
You fain would rescue him you hate from hell —  
An evangelical compassion — with  
Your own gold too!

*Sieg.* Father, 't is not my gold.

*Prior.* Whose then? You said it was no  
legacy.

*Sieg.* No matter whose — of this be sure, that he  
Who owned it never more will need it, save  
In that which it may purchase from your altars:  
'T is yours, or theirs.

*Prior.* Is there no blood upon it?

*Sieg.* No; but there's worse than blood — eternal shame!

*Prior.* Did he who owned it die in his *bed*?

*Sieg.* Alas!

He did.

*Prior.* Son! you relapse into revenge,  
If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.

*Sieg.* His death was fathomlessly deep in blood.

*Prior.* You said he died in bed, not battle.

*Sieg.* He

Died, I scarce know — but — he was stabbed i' the dark,

And now you have it — perished on his pillow  
By a cut-throat! — Ay! — you may look upon me!  
*I am not* the man. I'll meet your eye on that point,  
As I can one day God's.

*Prior.* Nor did he die

By means, or men, or instrument of yours?

*Sieg.* No! by the God who sees and strikes!

*Prior.* Nor know you

Who slew him?

*Sieg.* I could only guess at *one*,  
And he to me a stranger, unconnected,  
As unemployed. Except by one day's knowledge,  
I never saw the man who was suspected.

*Prior.* Then you are free from guilt.

*Sieg. (eagerly).* Oh! *am* I? — say!

*Prior.* You have said so, and know best.

*Sieg.* Father! I have spoken

The truth, and nought but truth, if *not* the *whole* :  
Yet say I am *not* guilty ! for the blood  
Of this man weighs on me, as if I shed it,  
Though, by the Power who abhorreth human blood,  
I did not ! — nay, once spared it, when I might  
And *could* — ay, perhaps, *should* (if our self-safety  
Be e'er excusable in such defences  
Against the attacks of over-potent foes) :  
But pray for him, for me, and all my house ;  
For, as I said, though I be innocent,  
I know not why, a like remorse is on me,  
As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for me  
Father ! I have prayed myself in vain.

*Prior.*

I will.

Be comforted ! You are innocent, and should  
Be calm as innocence.

*Sieg.*

But calmness is not

Always the attribute of innocence.

I feel it is not.

*Prior.*

But it will be so,

When the mind gathers up its truth within it.

Remember the great festival to-morrow,

In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,

As well as your brave son ; and smoothe your aspect,

Nor in the general orison of thanks

For bloodshed stopt, let blood you shed not rise,

A cloud upon your thoughts. This were to be

Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget

Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.

[*Exeunt.*



## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*A large and magnificent Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, decorated with Trophies, Banners, and Arms of that Family.*

*Enter ARNHEIM and MEISTER, attendants of*  
COUNT SIEGENDORF.

*Arn.* Be quick! the count will soon return: the ladies

Already are at the portal. Have you sent  
The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

*Meis.* I have, in all directions, over Prague,  
As far as the man's dress and figure could  
By your description track him. The devil take  
These revels and processions! All the pleasure  
(If such there be) must fall to the spectators.  
I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

*Arn.* Go to! my lady countess comes.

*Meis.* I'd rather  
Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,  
Than follow in the train of a great man  
In these dull pageantries.

*Arn.* Begone! and rail  
Within. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the COUNTESS JOSEPHINE SIEGENDORF and*  
IDA STRALENHEIM.

*Jos.* Well, Heaven be praised, the show is over!

*Ida.* How can you say so! never have I dreamt

Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,  
The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,  
The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,  
The coursers, and the incense, and the sun  
Streaming through the stained windows, even the  
*tombs,*

Which looked so calm, and the celestial hymns,  
Which seemed as if they rather came from heaven  
Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal  
Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder ;  
The white robes and the lifted eyes ; the world  
At peace ! and all at peace with one another !  
Oh, my sweet mother ! [*Embracing JOSEPHINE.*

*Jos.* My beloved child !

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

*Ida.* Oh !

I am so already. Feel how my heart beats !

*Jos.* It does, my love ; and never may it throb  
With aught more bitter.

*Ida.* Never shall it do so !

How should it ? What should make us grieve ? I  
hate

To hear of sorrow : how can we be sad,  
Who love each other so entirely ? You,  
The count, and Ulric, and your daughter *Ida.*

*Jos.* Poor child !

*Ida.* Do you pity me ?

*Jos.* No ; I but envy,

And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense  
Of the universal vice, if one vice be  
More general than another.

*Ida.* I'll not hear  
A word against a world which still contains  
You and my Ulric. Did you ever see  
Aught like him? How he towered amongst them all!  
How all eyes followed him! The flowers fell faster—  
Rained from each lattice at his feet, methought,  
Than before all the rest; and where he trod  
I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er  
Will wither.

*Jos.* You will spoil him, little flatterer,  
If he should hear you.

*Ida.* But he never will.  
I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

*Jos.* Why so? he loves you well.

*Ida.* But I can never  
Shape my thoughts of him into words to him.  
Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

*Jos.* How so?

*Ida.* A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly,  
Yet he says nothing.

*Jos.* It is nothing: all men,  
Especially in these dark troublous times,  
Have much to think of.

*Ida.* But I cannot think  
Of aught save him.

*Jos.* Yet there are other men,  
In the world's eye, as goodly. There's, for instance,  
The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once withdrew  
His eyes from yours to-day.

*Ida.* I did not see him  
But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment

When all knelt, and I wept? and yet methought,  
Through my fast tears, though they were thick and  
warm,

I saw him smiling on me.

*Jos.* I could not  
See aught save heaven, to which my eyes were raised  
Together with the people's.

*Ida.* I thought too  
Of heaven, although I looked on Ulric.

*Jos.* Come,  
Let us retire ; they will be here anon  
Expectant of the banquet. We will lay  
Aside these nodding plumes and dragging trains.

*Ida.* And, above all, these stiff and heavy jewels,  
Which make my head and heart ache, as both throb  
Beneath their glitter o'er my brow and zone.  
Dear mother, I am with you.

*Enter COUNT SIEGENDORF, in full dress, from the  
solemnity, and LUDWIG.*

*Sieg.* Is he not found ?

*Lud.* Strict search is making everywhere ; and if  
The man be in Prague, be sure he will be found.

*Sieg.* Where 's Ulric ?

*Lud.* He rode round the other way  
With some young nobles ; but he left them soon ;  
And, if I err not, not a minute since  
I heard his excellency, with his train,  
Gallop o'er the west drawbridge.

*Enter ULRIC, splendidly dressed.*

*Sieg.* (to LUDWIG). See they cease not  
Their quest of him I have described. [*Exit LUDWIG.*]

Oh, Utric!

How have I longed for thee!

*Ulr.* Your wish is granted —

Behold me!

*Sieg.* I have seen the murderer.

*Ulr.* Whom? Where?

*Sieg.* The Hungarian, who slew Stralenheim.

*Ulr.* You dream.

*Sieg.* I live! and as I live, I saw him —  
Heard him! he dared to utter even my name.

*Ulr.* What name?

*Sieg.* Werner! 't was mine.

*Ulr.* It must be so

No more: forget it.

*Sieg.* Never! never! all

My destinies were woven in that name:

It will not be engraved upon my tomb,

But it may lead me there.

*Ulr.* To the point — the Hungarian?

*Sieg.* Listen! — The church was thronged; the  
hymn was raised;

"*Te Deum*" pealed from nations, rather than  
From choirs, in one great cry of "God be praised"  
For one day's peace, after thrice ten dread years,  
Each bloodier than the former: I arose,  
With all the nobles, and as I looked down  
Along the lines of lifted faces, — from

Our bannered and escutcheoned gallery, I  
Saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw  
A moment and no more), what struck me sightless  
To all else — the Hungarian's face ! I grew  
Sick ; and when I recovered from the mist  
Which curled about my senses, and again  
Looked down, I saw him not. The thanksgiving  
Was over, and we marched back in procession.

*Ulr.* Continue.

*Sieg.* When we reached the Muldau's bridge,  
The joyous crowd above, the numberless  
Barks manned with revellers in their best garbs,  
Which shot along the glancing tide below,  
The decorated street, the long array,  
The clashing music, and the thundering  
Of far artillery, which seemed to bid  
A long and loud farewell to its great doings,  
The standards o'er me and the tramlings round,  
The roar of rushing thousands, — all — all could not  
Chase this man from my mind, although my senses  
No longer held him palpable.

*Ulr.*

You saw him

No more, then ?

*Sieg.* I looked, as a dying soldier  
Looks at a draught of water, for this man :  
But still I saw him not ; but in his stead —

*Ulr.* What in his stead ?

*Sieg.* My eye for ever fell  
Upon your dancing crest ; the loftiest,  
As on the loftiest and the loveliest head

It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,  
Which overflowed the glittering streets of Prague.

*Ulr.* What's this to the Hungarian?

*Sieg.* Much; for I  
Had almost then forgot him in my son;  
When just as the artillery ceased, and paused  
The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu  
Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,  
Distinct and keener far upon my ear [*ner!*]  
Than the late cannon's volume, this word — "*Wer-*

*Ulr.* Uttered by —

*Sieg.* Him! I turned — and saw — and fell.

*Ulr.* And wherefore? Were you seen?

*Sieg.* The officious care  
Of those around me dragged me from the spot,  
Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause;  
You, too, were too remote in the procession  
(The old nobles being divided from their children)  
To aid me.

*Ulr.* But I'll aid you now.

*Sieg.* In what?

*Ulr.* In searching for this man, or — When  
he's found

What shall we do with him?

*Sieg.* I know not that.

*Ulr.* Then wherefore seek?

*Sieg.* Because I cannot rest  
Till he is found. His fate, and Stralenheim's,  
And ours, seem intertwisted! nor can be  
Unravelled, till —

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Atten.* A stranger to wait on  
Your excellency.

*Sieg.* Who?

*Atten.* He gave no name.

*Sieg.* Admit him, ne'ertheless.

[*The ATTENDANT introduces GABOR, and afterwards exit.*

Ah!

*Gab.* 'Tis, then, Werner!

*Sieg. (haughtily).* The same you knew, sir, by  
that name; and *you!*

*Gab. (looking round).* I recognize you both  
father and son,

It seems. Count, I have heard that you, or yours,  
Have lately been in search of me: I am here.

*Sieg.* I have sought you, and have found you:  
you are charged

(Your own heart may inform you why) with such  
A crime as ——— [*He pauses.*

*Gab.* Give it utterance, and then

I'll meet the consequences.

*Sieg.* You shall do so —

Unless ———

*Gab.* First, who accuses me?

*Sieg.* All things,

If not all men: the universal rumor —

My own presence on the spot — the place — the  
time —

And every speck of circumstance unite  
To fix the blot on you.



*Gab.* And on *me only*?  
Pause ere you answer: is no other name,  
Save mine, stained in this business?

*Sieg.* Trifling villain!  
Who play'st with thine own guilt! Of all that  
breathe

Thou best dost know the innocence of him  
'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody  
slander.

But I will talk no further with a wretch,  
Further than justice asks. Answer at once,  
And without quibbling, to my charge.

*Gab.* 'Tis false!

*Sieg.* Who says so?

*Gab.* I.

*Sieg.* And how disprove it?

*Gab.* By

The presence of the murderer.

*Sieg.* Name him!

*Gab.* He

May have more names than one. Your lordship  
had so

Once on a time.

*Sieg.* If you mean me, I dare

Your utmost.

*Gab.* You may do so, and in safety;

I know the assassin.

*Sieg.* Where is he?

*Gab.* (*pointing to ULRIC*). Beside you!

[*ULRIC rushes forward to attack GABOR; SIEGEN-  
DORF interposes.*

*Sieg.* Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain;  
These walls are mine, and you are safe within them.

[*He turns to* ULRIC.

Ulric, repel this calumny, as I  
Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,  
I could not deem it earth-born: but be calm;  
It will refute itself. But touch him not.

[ULRIC endeavors to compose himself.

*Gab.* Look at *him*, count, and then hear me.

*Sieg.* (*first to GABOR, and then looking at ULRIC*).

I hear thee.

My God! you look ——

*Ulr.* How?

*Sieg.* As on that dread night

When we met in the garden.

*Ulr.* (*composes himself*). It is nothing.

*Gab.* Count, you are bound to hear me. I came  
hither

Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt down  
Amidst the people in the church, I dreamed not  
To find the beggared Werner in the seat  
Of senators and princes; but you have called me,  
And we have met.

*Sieg.* Go on, sir.

*Gab.* Ere I do so,

Allow me to inquire who profited  
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I — as poor as ever;  
And poorer by suspicion on my name!  
The baron lost in that last outrage neither  
Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought, —

A life which stood between the claims of others  
To honors and estates scarce less than princely.

*Sieg.* These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less  
To me than to my son.

*Gab.* I can't help that.  
But let the consequence alight on him  
Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.

I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because  
I know you innocent, and deem you just.  
But ere I can proceed — *dare* you protect me?  
*Dare* you command me?

[SIEGENDORF *first looks at the Hungarian, and  
then at ULRIC, who has unbuckled his sabre,  
and is drawing lines with it on the floor —  
still in its sheath.*

*Ulr.* (*looks at his father and says*)

Let the man go on!

*Gab.* I am unarmed, count — bid your son lay  
down

His sabre.

*Ulr.* (*offers it to him contemptuously*).

Take it.

*Gab.* No, sir, 't is enough  
That we are both unarmed — I would not choose  
To wear a steel which may be stained with more  
Blood than came there in battle.

*Ulr.* (*casts the sabre from him in contempt*).

It — or some  
Such other weapon, in my hands — spared yours  
Once when disarmed and at my mercy.

*Gab.*

True —

I have not forgotten it : you spared me for  
Your own especial purpose — to sustain  
An ignominy not my own.

*Ulr.*

Proceed.

The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.  
But is it of my father to hear further?

[ *To SIEGENDORF.**Sieg. (takes his son by the hand).*

My son, I know my own innocence, and doubt not  
Of yours — but I have promised this man patience.  
Let him continue.

*Gab.*

I will not detain you

By speaking of myself much ; I began  
Life early — and am what the world has made me.  
At Frankfort on the Oder, where I passed  
A winter in obscurity, it was  
My chance at several places of resort  
(Which I frequented sometimes but not often)  
To hear related a strange circumstance  
In February last. A martial force,  
Sent by the state, had, after strong resistance,  
Secured a band of desperate men, supposed  
Marauders from the hostile camp. — They proved,  
However, not to be so — but banditti,  
Whom either accident or enterprise  
Had carried from their usual haunt — the forests  
Which skirt Bohemia — even into Lusatia.  
Many amongst them were reported of  
High rank — and martial law slept for a time.

At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,  
And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction  
Of the free town of Frankfort. Of *their* fate,  
I know no more.

*Sieg.* And what is this to Ulric?

*Gab.* Amongst them there was said to be one man  
Of wonderful endowments : — birth and fortune,  
Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman,  
And courage as unrivalled, were proclaimed  
His by the public rumor ; and his sway,  
Not only over his associates, but  
His judges, was attributed to witchcraft.  
Such was his influence : — I have no great faith  
In any magic save that of the mine —  
I therefore deemed him wealthy. — But my soul  
Was roused with various feelings to seek out  
This prodigy, if only to behold him.

*Sieg.* And did you so?

*Gab.* You'll hear. Chance favored me :  
A popular affray in the public square  
Drew crowds together — it was one of those  
Occasions where men's souls look out of them,  
And show them as they are — even in their faces :  
The moment my eye met his, I exclaimed,  
"This is the man!" though he was then, as since,  
With the nobles of the city. I felt sure  
I had not erred, and watched him long and nearly :  
I noted down his form — his gesture — features,  
Stature, and bearing — and amidst them all,  
Midst every natural and acquired distinction,

I could discern, methought, the assassin's eye  
And gladiator's heart.

*Ulr. (smiling).* The tale sounds well.

*Gab.* And may sound better. — He appeared  
to me

One of those beings to whom Fortune bends  
As she doth to the daring — and on whom  
The fates of others oft depend ; besides,  
An indescribable sensation drew me  
Near to this man, as if my point of fortune  
Was to be fixed by him. — There I was wrong.

*Sieg.* And may not be right now.

*Gab.* I followed him,

Solicited his notice — and obtained it —  
Though not his friendship : — it was his intention  
To leave the city privately — we left it  
Together — and together we arrived  
In the poor town where Werner was concealed,  
And Stralenheim was succored — Now we are on  
The verge — *dare* you hear further ?

*Sieg.* I must do so —

Or I have heard too much.

*Gab.* I saw in you

A man above his station — and if not  
So high, as now I find you, in my then  
Conceptions, 't was that I had rarely seen  
Men such as you appeared in height of mind  
In the most high of worldly rank ; you were  
Poor, even to all save rags : I would have shared  
My purse, though slender, with you — you refused it.

*Sieg.* Doth my refusal make a debt to you,  
That thus you urge it?

*Gab.* Still you owe me something,  
Though not for that; and I owed you my safety,  
At least my seeming safety, when the slaves  
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds  
That I had robbed him.

*Sieg.* I concealed you — I,  
Whom and whose house you arraign, reviving viper!

*Gab.* I accuse no man — save in my defence.  
You, count, have made yourself accuser — judge:  
Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal.  
Be just, and I'll be merciful!

*Sieg.* You merciful!  
You! Base calumniator!

*Gab.* I. 'T will rest  
With me at last to be so. You concealed me —  
In secret passages known to yourself,  
You said, and to none else. At dead of night,  
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious  
Of tracing back my way, I saw a glimmer,  
Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light:  
I followed it, and reached a door — a secret  
Portal — which opened to the chamber, where,  
With cautious hand and slow, having first undone  
As much as made a crevice of the fastening,  
I looked through and beheld a purple bed,  
And on it Stralenheim! —

*Sieg.* Asleep! And yet  
You slew him! — Wretch!

*Gab.* He was already slain,  
And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own  
Blood became ice.

*Sieg.* But he was all alone!  
You saw none else? You did not see the ——

[*He pauses from agitation.*]

*Gab.* No,  
*He*, whom you dare not name, nor even I  
Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in  
The chamber.

*Sieg. (to ULRIC).* Then, my boy! thou art guilt-  
less still —  
Thou bad'st me say *I* was so once — Oh! now  
Do thou as much!

*Gab.* Be patient! I can *not*  
Recede now, though it shake the very walls  
Which frown above us. You remember, — or  
If not, your son does, — that the locks were changed  
Beneath *his* chief inspection on the morn  
Which led to this same night: how he had entered  
He best knows — but within an antechamber,  
The door of which was half ajar, I saw  
A man who washed his bloody hands, and oft  
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon  
The bleeding body — but it moved no more.

*Sieg.* Oh! God of fathers!

*Gab.* I beheld his features  
As I see yours — but yours they were not, though  
Resembling them — behold them in Count Ulric's!  
Distinct as I beheld them, though the expression



Is not now what it then was; — but it was so  
When I first charged him with the crime — so lately.

*Sieg.* This is so —

*Gab. (interrupting him).* Nay — but hear me to  
the end!

*Now* you must do so. — I conceived myself  
Betrayed by you and *him* (for now I saw  
There was some tie between you) into this  
Pretended den of refuge, to become  
The victim of your guilt; and my first thought  
Was vengeance: but though armed with a short  
poniard

(Having left my sword without) I was no match  
For him at any time, as had been proved  
That morning — either in address or force.  
I turned, and fled — i' the dark: chance rather *than*  
Skill made me gain the secret door of the hall,  
And thence the chamber where you slept: if I  
Had found you *waking*, Heaven alone can tell  
What vengeance and suspicion might have prompted;  
But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

*Sieg.* And yet I had horrid dreams! and *such*  
brief sleep,

The stars had not gone down when I awoke.  
Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my father —  
And now my dream is out!

*Gab.* "Tis not my fault,  
If I have read it. — Well! I fled and hid me —  
Chance led me here after so many moons —  
And showed me Werner in Count Siegendorf!

Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,  
Inhabited the palace of a sovereign!  
You sought me and have found me—now you  
know

My secret, and may weigh its worth.

*Sieg.* (after a pause). Indeed!

*Gab.* Is it revenge or justice which inspires  
Your meditation?

*Sieg.* Neither—I was weighing  
The value of your secret.

*Gab.* You shall know it  
At once:—When you were poor, and I, though  
poor,  
Rich enough to relieve such poverty  
As might have envied mine, I offered you  
My purse—you would not share it:—I'll be  
franker

With you: you are wealthy, noble, trusted by  
The imperial powers—you understand me?

*Sieg.* Yes.

*Gab.* Not quite. You think me venal, and scarce  
true:

'Tis no less true, however, that my fortunes  
Have made me both at present. You shall aid me:  
I would have aided you—and also have  
Been somewhat damaged in my name to save  
Yours and your son's. Weigh well what I have  
said.

*Sieg.* Dare you await the event of a few minutes'  
Deliberation?

*Gab. (casts his eyes on ULRIC, who is leaning against a pillar).* If I should do so?

*Sieg.* I pledge my life for yours. Withdraw into This tower. [*Opens a turret door.*]

*Gab. (hesitatingly).* This is the second safe asylum

You have offered me.

*Sieg.* And was not the first so?

*Gab.* I know not that even now — but will approve The second. I have still a further shield. —

I did not enter Prague alone; and should I Be put to rest with Stralenheim, there are Some tongues without will wag in my behalf. Be brief in your decision!\*

*Sieg.* I will be so. —

My word is sacred and irrevocable

Within these walls, but it extends no further.

*Gab.* I'll take it for so much. [*grunts.*]

*Sieg. (points to ULRIC's sabre still upon the)*  
Take also that —

I saw you eye it eagerly, and him

Distrustfully.

*Gab. (takes up the sabre).* I will; and so provide To sell my life — not cheaply.

\* [*Gab.* I have yet an additional security — I did not enter Prague a solitary individual; and there are tongues without that will speak for me, although I should even share the fate of Stralenheim. Let your deliberation be short." — *Sieg.* My promise is solemn, sacred, irrevocable: It extends not, however, beyond these walls." — Miss LEE.]

[GABOR goes into the turret, which SIEGENDORF closes.]

*Sieg.* (*advances to ULRIC*). Now, Count Utric!  
For son I dare not call thee — What say'st thou?

*Ulr.* His tale is true.

*Sieg.* True, monster!

*Ulr.* Most true, father!

And you did well to listen to it: what  
We know, we can provide against. He must  
Be silenced.

*Sieg.* Ay, with half of my domains;  
And with the other half, could he and thou  
Unsay this villany.

*Ulr.* It is no time  
For trifling or dissembling. I have said  
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

*Sieg.* How so?

*Ulr.* As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull  
As never to have hit on this before?  
When we met in the garden, what except  
Discovery in the act could make me know  
His death? Or had the prince's household been  
Then summoned, would the cry for the police  
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I  
Have loitered on the way? Or, could *you, Werner,*  
The object of the baron's hate and fears,  
Have fled, unless by many an hour before  
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathomed you,  
Doubting if you were false or feeble: I  
Perceived you were the latter; and yet so

Confiding have I found you, that I doubted  
At times your weakness.\*

*Sieg.* Parricide! no less  
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,  
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit  
For your accomplice?

*Ulr.* Father, do not raise  
The devil you cannot lay between us. This  
Is time for union and for action, not  
For family disputes. While *you* were tortured,

\* [I am ready to allow every fair license to dramatic verse but still it must have more than the bare typographic impress of metre. Ten syllables, counted by finger and thumb, will no do. None of us imagine —

*Day and Martin*  
To prevent fraud, request purchasers to  
Look on the signature on the patent Blacking  
Bottles, etc. —

to be versification, and the great majority of the lines in this tragedy are just as harmonious: — *e. g.* — "*UL* He too must be silenced. — *Wer.* How so? — *UL* As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull as never to have hit on this before? When we met in the garden, what except discovery in the act could make me know his death? Or had the prince's household been then summoned, would the cry for the police been left to such a stranger? [Pretty English this last sentence by the by!] Or should I have loitered on the way? Or could you, Werner, the object of the baron's hate and fears, have fled — unless by many an hour before suspicion woke? I sought and fathomed you doubting if you were false or feeble: I perceived you were the latter; and yet so confiding have I found you, that I doubted a times your weakness," etc. etc. There are other passages still more prosaic. Why they are printed for verse, I cannot for the life of me conjecture: they are as plain prose as a turnpike act. — *DR. MAGINN.*]

Could *I* be calm? Think you that I have heard  
This fellow's tale without some feeling?— You  
Have taught me feeling for *you* and myself;  
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

*Sieg.* Oh! my dead father's curse! 't is working  
now.

*Ulr.* Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!  
Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy  
To baffle such, than countermine a mole,  
Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.  
Yet hear me still!— If *you* condemn me, yet  
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often  
To listen to him! *Who* proclaimed to me  
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion?  
That passion was our nature? that the goods  
Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune?  
*Who* showed me his humanity secured  
By his *nerves* only? *Who* deprived me of  
All power to vindicate myself and race  
In open day? By his disgrace which stamped  
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on  
Himself— a *felon's* brand! The man who is  
At once both warm and weak invites to deeds  
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange  
That I should *act* what you could *think*? We have  
done

With right and wrong; and now must only ponder  
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,  
Whose life I saved from impulse, as *unknown*,  
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew

*Known* as our foe — but not from vengeance. He  
 Was a rock in our way which I cut through,  
 As doth the bolt, because it stood between us  
 And our true destination — but not idly.  
 As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*  
*His life*: when due, I but resumed the debt.  
 He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein  
 I have plunged our enemy.\* *You* kindled first  
 The torch — *you* showed the path; now trace me  
 that

Of safety — or let me!

*Sieg.*

I have done with life!

*Ulr.* Let us have done with that which cankers  
 life —

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations  
 Of things which cannot be undone. We have  
 No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,  
 And have within these very walls men who  
 (Although you know them not) dare venture all  
 things.

\* [*Ulr.* We stood on a precipice down which one of three  
 must inevitably have plunged; for I will not deny that I knew  
 my own situation to be as critical as yours. I therefore precipi-  
 tated Stralenheim! You held the torch! You pointed out the  
 path! Show me now that of safety; or let me show it you! —

*Sieg.*

I have done with life!

*Ulr.* Let us have done with retrospection. We have nothing  
 more either to learn or to conceal from each other. I have cour-  
 age and partisans; they are even within the walls, though you  
 do not know them. Keep your own secret. Preserve an un-  
 changed countenance. Without your further interference I will  
 for ever secure you from the indiscretion of a *third* person," etc.  
 etc. — MISS LEE.]

You stand high with the state ; what passes here  
Will not excite her too great curiosity :  
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,  
Stir not, and speak not ; — leave the rest to me :  
We must have no *third* babblers thrust between us.

[*Exit* ULRIC.

*Sieg. (solus).* Am I awake ? are these my father's  
halls ?

And *yon* — my son ? *My* son ! *mine* ! who have ever  
Abhorred both mystery and blood, and yet  
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both !  
I must be speedy, or more will be shed —  
The Hungarian's ! — Ulric — he hath partisans,  
It seems : I might have guessed as much. Oh fool !  
Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key  
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads  
Into the turret. Now then ! or once more  
To be the father of fresh crimes, no less  
Than of the criminal ! Ho ! Gabor ! Gabor !

[*Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.*

SCENE II.

*The Interior of the Turret.*

GABOR and SIEGENDORF.

*Gab.* Who calls ?

*Sieg.* I — Siegendorf ! Take these, and fly !  
Lose not a moment !

[*Tears off a diamond star and other jewels, and  
thrusts them into GABOR's hand.*



*Gab.* What am I to do  
With these?

*Sieg.* Whate'er you will: sell them, or hoard,  
And prosper; but delay not, or you are lost!

*Gab.* You pledged your honor for my safety!

*Sieg.* And  
Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,  
It seems, of my own castle—of my own  
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,  
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!  
Or you will be slain by——

*Gab.* Is it even so?  
Farewell, then! Recollect, however, Count,  
You sought this fatal interview!

*Sieg.* I did:  
Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

*Gab.* By the same path I entered?

*Sieg.* Yes; that's safe still,  
But loiter not in Prague;—you do not know  
With whom you have to deal.

*Gab.* I know too well—  
And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!  
Farewell!

[*Exit GABOR.*]

*Sieg.* (*solus and listening*). He hath cleared the  
staircase. Ah! I hear

The door sound loud behind him! He is safe!  
Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am faint——

[*He leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall  
of the tower, in a drooping posture.*]

*Enter ULRIC, with others armed, and with weapons drawn.*

*Ulr.* Despatch! — he's there!

*Lud.* The count, my lord!

*Ulr.* (*recognizing SIEGENDORF*). You here, sir!

*Sieg.* Yes: if you want another victim, strike!

*Ulr.* (*seeing him stript of his jewels*). Where is the ruffian who hath plundered you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see

'T was as I said — the wretch hath stript my father

Of jewels which might form a prince's heir-loom!

Away! I'll follow you forthwith.

[*Exeunt all but SIEGENDORF and ULRIC.*

What's this?

Where is the villain?

*Sieg.*

There are *two*, sir: which

Are you in quest of?

*Ulr.*

Let us hear no more

Of this: he must be found. You have not let him

Escape?

*Sieg.* He's gone.

*Ulr.*

With your connivance?

*Sieg.*

With

My fullest, freest aid.

*Ulr.*

Then fare you well!

[*ULRIC is going.*

*Sieg.* Stop! I command — entreat — implore!

Oh, Ulr!

Will you then leave me?

*Ulr.* What! remain to be  
Denounced — dragged, it may be, in chains ; and all  
By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,  
Selfish remorse, and temporizing pity,  
That sacrifices your whole race to save  
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, count,  
Henceforth you have no son!

*Sieg.* I never had one ;  
And would you ne'er had borne the useless name !  
Where will you go ? I would not send you forth  
Without protection.

*Ulr.* Leave that unto me.  
I am not alone ; nor merely the vain heir  
Of your domains ; a thousand, ay, ten thousand  
Swords, hearts, and hands, are mine.

*Sieg.* The foresters !  
With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frank-  
fort !

*Ulr.* Yes — men — who are worthy of the name !  
Go tell  
Your senators that they look well to Prague ;  
Their feast of peace was early for the times ;  
There are more spirits abroad than have been laid  
With Wallenstein !

*Enter JOSEPHINE and IDA.*

*Jos.* What is 't we hear? My Siegendorf!  
Thank Heaven, I see you safe !

*Sieg.* Safe !

*Ida.* Yes, dear father !

*Sieg.* No, no; I have no children : never more  
Call me by that worst name of parent.

*Jos.* What  
Means my good lord!

*Sieg.* That you have given birth  
To a demon!

*Ida.* (*taking ULRIC's hand*). Who shall dare say  
this of Ulric?

*Sieg.* *Ida*, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

*Ida.* (*stooping to kiss it*). I'd kiss it off, though it  
were mine.

*Sieg.* It is so!

*Ulr.* Away! it's your father's! [*Exit ULRIC.*

*Ida.* Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!

[*IDA falls senseless — JOSEPHINE stands speechless with horror.*

*Sieg.* The wretch hath slain  
Them both! — My Josephine! we are now alone!  
Would we had ever been so! — All is over  
For me! — Now open wide, my sire, thy grave;  
Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son  
In mine! — The race of Siegendorf is past.





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